

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, Etc.

I.

MICHAEL ANGELO.*

THE work before us, which has given to us the intention to review some of the chief features in the genius and work of the third great Italian, is every way worthy of its subject. It supplies a want we have long felt for such a life, and it is in itself written with considerable fervour and eloquence, with a delightful interest, sustained from the commencement to the close. It is an important chapter in the history of art, from the pen and matured judgment of a very able and sympathetic critic, and while it may scarce the less be called a history of Michael Angelo and his times, yet no reader will desire the work to be smaller than it is; for the great artist, and great pontiff, who appear in episode, are so closely related to the development of art in the age, and bring out so much more distinctly the chief characteristics of the great central man, that no more has been attempted or done than the proper province of the judicious biographer seemed to render necessary. In our own country, the name of Michael Angelo is not so often on men's lips as the names of Dante and Raphael, but this is only because he employed his genius on those works of wonderful proportion and majesty which must be visited, in order that they may be known. Dante will come to us at any moment, and overawe our spirits with his shapes and words of terror; nor is it very difficult to obtain a knowledge of some of Raphael's most charming forms, colours, and inimitable lines; but he who has not seen the Sistine Chapel, evidently has not known Michael Angelo; he who has not seen what he himself spoke of as the "Pantheon hung in the air"—St. Peter's, at Rome—has not known

* *Life of Michael Angelo.* By Herman Grimm. Translated, with the author's sanction, by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnètt. With photographic portrait. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Michael Angelo; and he who has not seen those vast marvels in stone, the Moses, the Dawn, and the Night, has not known Michael Angelo. We suppose criticism in general places him next to Raphael. We never could understand why the spirit of the mighty painter, sculptor, and architect was in close relationship to his whom he loved so much—Dante. It was a soul capable only of sublime attempts and exploits; it moved with familiarity and ease among terrors, and majesties, and daring conceptions, which would make even lofty genius dizzy. That was a noble tribute pronounced to his memory by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his last discourse before the Royal Academy, when he said “I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man, and I should desire that the best words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo.” These were Sir Joshua’s last words, and they were simply worthy of the speaker and his subject. There are moot matters of discussion as to the influence exercised by this great Italian upon the history of art. That he changed the aspect of it, is undoubted. He influenced, and healthfully influenced, the mind of his great rival, Raphael. That he was equal in his development of the tender and gentle as of the terrible and the strong, can never be asserted; only, we suppose, in two or three rare instances have the women he has portrayed possessed a feminine tenderness; he gave to them an animal, yet goddesslike grandeur, and it needed, perhaps, that strange passion which blazed through his old heart for Vittoria Colonna, that romance which, like that of Dante and Beatrice, and Petrarch and Laura, invests his name with speculation and poetry, to reveal to his stern and lonely nature the undreamed of-probabilities and instructions from congenial and sympathising womanhood. Unlike so many who have followed art, his life is itself statuesque and perfect, undesecrated by meanness or sensuality—a glorious whole. We suppose no other name could be mentioned as so perfect a cosmos of art. He was great in every department in which the artist can excel. He quite contradicts the impression that versatility must be inferiority, for, excepting in poetry, while he is great here, we see not how he could have been greater in either of the arts he especially espoused. Of some of his powers he must have been very greatly unconscious. The wonderful paintings of the Sistine Chapel were works to which he was compelled by Pope Julius II. against his own persuasions and entreaties, and these the impatient Pope would not allow to

be completed as the painter designed, so desirous was he that the scaffolding should be removed, that they might be exhibited to the people. He was an intense student, and the extremes of his life unite themselves sublimely together, when we find him as a boy in the fish-market, studying the form and colour of the fins and the eyes of the fish, and as an old man walking in the Coliseum, solitary amidst the ruins, where the Cardinal Farnese met him and expressed surprise at seeing him alone, he said, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn." He was probably nearly ninety when he sketched that one of his last drawings, found in his portfolio, of an old man with a long beard, in a go-cart and an hour-glass before him, with the motto, *ancora impar*—I still learn. It is in truth a life sublimely edifying to the extent to which few lives are so. He was the Dante and Milton of his art, as Raphael probably was the Shakespeare. Earnest, sublime, and truth-loving, to read his life is to be drawn assuredly beneath the influence of great powers and impressions. We are therefore heartily glad that English readers have now, through the admirable pages of Herman Grimm, a better opportunity than they had before of studying it.

Let us notice a few points and epochs in the career of this stupendous man. He was born near Florence, in the year 1476; it was the great age of Florentine history—in politics, religion, and art. Florence was, as was natural, the city of merchandise; the Medicis, who were its masters, were, or had been, merchants. The brothers of Michael were intended to be merchants, and, with this design, probably he was sent to the grammar school of Francesco d'Urbino; but the impression was that he idled his time away in drawing, and in frequenting the studios and easels of painters. He seems to have been treated by his father and uncles with considerable harshness; they were men who knew the difference between trading and painting; but genius would not be warped; and so in 1488, he was articled to study as a painter beneath the masters Domenico and David Grillandaji. One of his first drawings drew from one of his masters the exclamation, "He understands more than I do myself!" But this seems only to have produced envy even in the minds of his masters. Then we find that as he had neglected the grammar school for drawings and paintings, so a sight he had of the statues in the gardens of San Marco inspired him, for their sakes, to slight the atelier of his masters; but even at this very early age some pieces of his workmanship in marble caught the omniscient eye of the great Lorenzo de Medici, and this circumstance gave that happy meed of influence which even greatest minds seem to need in order that

they may be placed in circumstances favourable to their development and fame.

We have already said it was the great age of Florence. Michael Angelo, as a youth and young man, heard Savonarola preach those searching, rousing sermons which stirred the city to its foundation, and anticipated the thunders of Luther. He was twenty-three years of age, when, on the 23rd May, 1498, the great preacher and monk was brought out into the square, hung and burned, and his ashes thrown into the Arno from the old bridge. It is a joy to us to see in Michael Angelo one of Savonarola's adherents. We do not know to what extent he abandoned himself to the feelings of the Reformer; his was a religious nature, serious and stern as that of Savonarola himself; and it was no doubt partly owing to the death of his patron Lorenzo de Medici, and to the stormful state of the politics of the city that he left Florence and entered Rome, which was to be, for the greater number of the years of his life, his resting-place, and the scene of his most magnificent labours. We soon find him engaged in works which were to abide as the marks and tests of his genius. We notice especially his Madonna; and it has been remarked upon as wonderful, that at a period when the breaking up of all political, and moral, external and religious things was to be expected, in Rome, the centre of all corruption, Michael Angelo could have produced, at twenty-four years of age, a work which, for purity and beauty, critics the most eminent placed among the masterpieces of Italy—a piece which, says Condivi, "makes its artist the first master in Italy, and even places him above the ancient masters." Artists, indeed, raised grave questions—questions which do not occur to us now, but which were the very hinges of critical acumen and observation then. Mary, for instance, was considered too young in relation to her son, and Condivi applied to Michael Angelo himself for his reasons for such an apparent inconsistency. We think the feeling, and thought, and prescience of the artist shine out very distinctly in his reply—

"Do you not know," he answered me (says Condivi), "that chaste women remain fresher than those who are not so? How much more then a virgin who has never been led astray by the slightest sinful desire? But yet more, if such youthful bloom is thus naturally retained in her, we must believe that the divine power came also to her aid, so that the maidenliness and imperishable purity of the mother of God might appear to all the world. Not so necessary was this in the Son; on the contrary, it was to be shown how he in truth assumed the human form and was exposed to all that can befall a mortal man, sin only excepted. Thus it was not necessary here to place his divinity before

his humanity, but to represent him at the age which, according to the course of time, he had reached. It must not therefore appear amazing to you if I have represented the most holy Virgin and mother of God much younger in comparison with her Son, than regard to the ordinary maturing of man might have required, and that I have left the Son at his natural age."

Michael Angelo sought work from Pope Julius II. He desired employment in his own favourite department of sculpture. It was an interesting period in the history of art in Rome. Raphael was there; Raphael also was the favourite of the Pope. St. Peter's was building—not the St. Peter's as we know it—that, as our readers know, was the dream and the realization of Angelo half a century after. The Basilica of St. Peter was a church—a vast work belonging to the earliest ages of Christendom: it had been enlarged; it possessed an abundance of art treasures; with the Vatican it formed a kind of ecclesiastical fortress; in it the emperors were crowned, and great anathemas pronounced or revoked; it had wreaths of out-buildings round it, and cloisters and chapels, vast rows of antique pillars, and entrances adorned with frescoes. It had been the ambition of many popes to rebuild it, or to give to the whole some grand consistent unity; for this great place had been devised, sketched, and submitted to the Pope Julius II., whose ambition was equal to any breadth of proposal. When Michael Angelo arrived in Rome, Bramante had presented plans, of which, in his old age, Angelo spoke as eminently perfect. He had, however, been preceded by San Gallo, whose plans, although at first receiving the warm commendation of Julius had been superseded, but San Gallo had brought Michael Angelo to Rome; what more natural than that Bramante should attempt to get rid of him? At the same time Raphael was employed in other departments of the building; and here seems to be a simple solution of that partisanship and favouritism for two eminent men, in which it is not necessary to involve the chiefs. Who shall adjust the rival claims of Angelo and Raphael? During the same hours they were at work in different departments of the great ecclesiastical palace, they must frequently have met each other, although of such meetings we have no records; but who can adjust the differences of genius? Goethe is not Schiller, Milton is not Shakespeare, Ariosto is not Dante; there is something in each that is highest, not to be met with in the other. It is so with these two great masters; we will not call them rivals—of that they were of course incapable, because they were masters; but the agitations to

which we have referred will suggest the reason why our artist, who expected to work as a sculptor, found himself, as we have already intimated, coerced into the painting of the Sistine Chapel. The work was not to his mind; he told the Pope he had never done anything in colours. The Pope more pertinaciously insisted that he should paint the vault of the Sistine Chapel, so-called, because built by Sixtus in 1473. If there were a covert design to pit his powers against those of Raphael, upon a ground not especially his own, his genius well abides the test. It has been well said that Michael Angelo painting this celebrated ceiling, enlarges our conception of the powers of the human mind, and the known powers of man. Not the battles of great generals, nor winter campaigns, nor midnight marches furnish more striking illustrations of endurance. In twenty months the work was accomplished—the admiration of all succeeding artists and ages, whether regarded for its grandeur of imagination or happiness of execution. Before he could paint, a scaffolding had to be erected, but for this he had to contrive a design, which exhibited his skill in minute mechanical contrivances. He wrought himself in his work to a marvellous pitch of endurance, abstemiousness, and self-denial; a little bread and wine was nearly all his nourishment, he often slept in his clothes because too weary to undress, or he rose in the night and hurried away at any hour to his toil.

Nothing is more remarkably noteworthy in the life of Michael Angelo, than his indomitable power and might of work; and he appreciated work—industry—and hence in a criticism upon Raphael, after his death, he gave him also the palm because of his industry. We have seen how often he rose in the middle of the night if he could not sleep, and work; we believe it was at a later period of his life—that he might not be hindered while painting—he covered his head with a frail pasteboard helmet, on the top of which he placed a tallow candle, which would not drop like wax, to light him when at his work, and which was not in his way. Of course, the vault could only be painted by his lying on his back; and after the work was accomplished, for many months he could only read or see the thing he examined distinctly by holding his head back, and the book or object over rather than before his eyes. Then he had a troublesome old Pope to deal with, who was constantly coming to him on the scaffolding, ascending the ladder so that the painter had to hold out his hand for the last step—an impatient and irritable old Pope, perpetually asking him when he would come to an end, insisting on the removal of the scaffolding at any rate from one part. The last touches were still wanting, the gold

for the different lights and ornaments had yet to be laid on, when the harsh old despot thundered, "You seem desirous that 'I should have you thrown down from this scaffolding!'" It was a dangerous hint; the Pope was not nice in his moral notions when likely to be thwarted; the painter knew his man, and suspended his work; the beams were removed. In the midst of the dust and confusion which filled the chapel, the Pope pressed forward admiring the work, and on All Saints' Day, 1509, Rome crowded in to gaze upon the wonder of art which had risen like magic.

The limitations of our pages make it impossible for us to attempt either ourselves to characterize, or, what would be better, quote our author's very eloquent characterizations of the groups in the Sistine Chapel. One distinctiveness, however, we may mention, for it vividly presents the whole works of Michael Angelo, and indicates that in which he was the creator of a new school and study of beauty; it was the movement of ideas. Every line, attitude, and aspect of these great frescoes would seem to be full of ideas. That sublime representation of God the Father brooding over the waters and dividing the light from the darkness, or that in which he, the Supreme, is calmly hovering; in the first he seems to be caught in an immense storm, and is so borne through infinite space, while he is yet compelling and controlling, the white beard of the Ancient of Days waving, his arms commandingly outstretched, the worlds darting forth round him as he moves, like sparks from him the Living.

He was able, in all these pictures, to convey thoughts which were even themselves like that touch which God gave to Adam when he made him a living soul. The creation of man, the creation of Eve, and Abel, and Cain, and Noah, were all portrayed in this grand manner. His critic says of him that it was as if by his imagination he had seen the birth of the giant generation of the Titans. Not less marvellous, perhaps even more so, were the figures of the sibyls and prophets, occupying the side walls between the windows, twelve compartments, in which he painted twelve immense figures, touching with their heads the cornices of the architectural effect he had contrived, and all drawn in strange and successful perspective, as if they were sitting round the interior of the marble temple, examining the subjects of the great ceiling above them; the perspective stretched away to present all the legends of the lands of the early earth, those few great legends which everlastingly impose themselves on the spirit; "few in number," says our critic, "but passing to and fro, walking over the untouched soil like

"solitary horis." There were the woods of Greece, the mountains of Olympus, streams rushing down its slopes to the distant sea, the pasture-lands of Asia, and the flocks of Abraham. There seems, to our mind, in these mystical figures and clear perspectives, much of that same holy-human, holy-biblical maze of mystery in which the soul of Dante was caught and lost from his Purgatory to his Paradise. The artist intended to represent the dreamy surmisings of things rising to the rapture and ecstasy of truth beheld and known, beginning with the Erythræan sibyl, the symbol of merely natural knowledge, a beautiful female turning the pages of a book upon a desk before her, a lamp in chains above her, lighted with a torch by a naked boy. The companion to this is the prophet Joel, unrolling his parchment, the muscles of his face indicating how he is weighing, mentally, what he has read; then Zachariah, absorbed; then the Delphic sibyl; followed by Isaiah; then the Cumean sibyl; followed by Daniel; then the Libyan sibyl; followed by Jonah. There were yet other paintings: Judith and Holofernes, and David and Goliath. But thirty years after the great artist completed his wonderful work in this chapel, by his representation of the Last Judgment; and this picture, while it seems to be the product of the ripest energies of his art and imagination—our author does not hesitate to say of some sections of this painting, that, "as regards the artistic work, it is a production so astonishing that nothing which has been executed by any painter, before or after, can be compared with it;"—at the same time, it hangs before the mind and sense a terror the imagination of the present age refuses to entertain or conceive; it is a monument of a past age and a strange people, whose ideas are no longer ours. We have foresteped the course of our notice, but for the purpose of making it evident to those who do not already know that the Sistine Chapel is monumental to the genius of Michael Angelo. Assuredly it is not merely one of the wonders of the world, it is still more marvellous as an illustration of the force of character in forming and compelling genius. With the exception of the "Last Judgment," we have seen in how brief a space of time the whole of these works were executed. In ten months the half of the immense surface was filled with paintings by him, and, in one of his sonnets, he grotesquely describes himself as lying day after day on his back, while the colours dropped on his face. Severe bodily exhaustion was the daily lot, and still the royal will worked on. Moreover, he could get no pay from the Pope. He wanted rest; this of course was not permitted. His father and relatives in Florence do not seem to have been so successful with their merchandise as was he with his colours and

marbles. We hear of constant remittances of money home, and sometimes money would not come; but "take care of your health," writes he to his father, "and do not let the grey hairs grow." Also, while he was high upon his scaffolding there, moving through chaos with the creating God, in far-off scenes of Grecian and Asian loveliness, with the brave men and the bright women of the young world, all sorts of cliques and parties were forming against him below. Bramante, as if prophetic instincts spoke within him, was jealously determined to keep him from St. Peter's. He seems to have been one of those men who, with a certain capability of appreciating art when not interfering with his own selfishness, was, after all, one of that common crowd of vulgar tormentors genius usually has to endure. It suited him to patronise and wish well to Raphael. He and Raphael should be the greatest in Rome. It is not to be thought that he was able to appreciate the exquisite melody of Raphael's spirit; but, in the first place, so far as Raphael is regarded by us, he had that easy, and yet all mighty will, which is so pleasant, so graceful, absorbing, and overcoming, which never resists, yet always conquers; as we have said, a kind of Shakespeare; all harmonious, all inclusive. Moreover, his ambitions were not architectural. He dealt with colours and frescoes, not stones and buildings. Michael Angelo, on the contrary, we suppose to have had little of this easy, love-compelling grace, this sunning of compliance and joyousness of manner. A stupendous architect was in his soul, and while it does not seem that he especially pitted himself against the plans of San Gallo or Bramante, it is certainly probable enough that even there he saw all the future St. Peter's hanging high in the infinite vault and chamber of his great soul. Bramante attempted vast things too; but when, in order to accomplish his work, he demolished the old columns of the old Basilica, Angelo became wroth, and poured out his indignation. "A million of bricks," said he, "piled one upon the top of another, is no art, but it is a great art to execute one such column as these." Highest schemes, dreams, and conceptions of art lived in his mind. At a later period of life Vittoria Colonna truly said that "he who only admired his works, valued the smallest part of him." He turned easily and happily from the frescoes to which we have referred, to his work in marble. The rugged old Julius died (Angelo lived through many a papacy);—the moment of his death found the sculptor engaged in work for his mausoleum. Men who have growled at each other over the execution of some grand, immortal work, which has, between the two of them, become a glory and a success, usually love each other; the dead Pope

may, very truly, be called the old friend of the artist, notwithstanding their many smart passages of arms, and probably of craft, with each other. Michael Angelo must have entered into the very innermost soul of that old man, with whom the romance, and the mysticism, and the despotism of the middle ages expired; the world seems to have been a more commonplace world ever since. The knowledge and appreciation Angelo had of his character he has stamped immortally in the Moses—it has been called the crown of modern sculpture; shoulders, arms, countenance. Artists have said, “Julius is ‘there;’” others, “All Michael Angelo is there;” in fact, in this marvellous work he seems to have fused two souls, and both of them of iron. It is said, the glance is as if it travelled over a plain full of people, and ruled them; the muscles of the arm speak ungovernable power. Ulrich von Hutten said of Pope Julius, that “he wished to take heaven by force, because entrance had been denied him from above”; and some such fearful power seems to be stamped upon the presence of the invincible Law-giver—a colossal figure embodying the Hebrew law, and representing Moses gazing, with such scorn and indignation as we may conceive, on the worshippers of the golden calf.

During the papacy of Pope Leo X., our artist continued engaged on manifold works. We fear to particularize; it is difficult to mention and not to attempt to see with the mind’s eye, and so to attempt to convey to the page some impression of pieces, every one of which is world-renowned. Bye-and-bye, we find the sculptor in Florence. We are not particular to notice in succession the events of his life, but it should be remembered that this great artist lived not merely in imagination and abstract idealization; he was a patriot, and when the city of Florence united with Venice, England, and France, to oppose the ambitious designs of Charles V., we find the artist transformed into a soldier. This was in the year 1529. He was appointed military architect and engineer. He brought all his skill to bear upon the defence and fortification of his native city. When the Prince of Orange, the general of Charles V., laid siege to Florence, and directed his artillery to storm the tower of San Miniato the artist hung mattresses of wool on the side, exposed to the attack, and by means of the bold projecting cornice, from which they were suspended, a considerable space was left between them and the wall. The simple expedient was sufficient, and the Prince was compelled to turn his siege into a blockade. Michael Angelo’s mode of fortification has had the commendation of Vauban, the master of military strategy. We do not dwell

on this aspect of his life, only to notice that, as in the cases of Dante and Milton, the artist became a citizen; it is the attribute of that order of mind, it cannot be indifferent. There is another order of character, less stern, more inclusive—less majestic, more universally human and appreciable, and regarded as the very highest order of genius, too, to which earnestness is a thing impossible. By his citizenship, however, our artist fell into danger; but his life was too precious to be trifled with. Treason rose against him in Florence, and he fled; but the Pope, whose will he had also thwarted, could not incur the ignominy of either killing or imprisoning such a man. We are glad when we find him engaged upon his congenial work again. And about the years 1530-34, we find him engaged on the Dawn, the Evening, Twilight, and the Night, in which impression of the highest masters is, that he brought down to the the period of Renaissance the might of the old classical forms, infusing into them the modern soul, so unknown to the greatest ancients. We must quote an eloquent passage, in which our author discriminates Michael Angelo from the ancients:—

Michael Angelo's adherence to nature, when observed independently of other considerations, is still more striking in his female forms. As Homer makes Penelope or Helena always appear in blooming youth, however numerous their years may be proved to be by the calculation of events, so the Greek sculptors exhibit their women in the soft pliant form of their early beauty. This was perhaps because among Greek women, after the disappearance of youthful brilliancy, the transition to age was too sudden to be at all capable of representation. Michael Angelo, however, chiselled what he saw—the elaborate coarser muscles of later years. He seems indeed to have preferred them. He knew not how to invest his figures with a maidenlike tenderness; he almost always aims at the colossal female form. His Roman models may have been to blame for this. The Roman ladies early exhibited a kind of power in their aspect which makes its way also into Raphael's works. In his paintings he endeavours to soften this, but in his studies it appears unveiled. Michael Angelo's women are no Iphigenias, but seem more like sisters of Lady Macbeth. And thus Michael Angelo's Dawn is no Greek figure, such as the sleeping Ariadne in the Vatican, or the Niobe, but a Roman woman, as far removed in her form from the antique as the naked female figures of Dürer and the German school were from Michael Angelo himself.

We will take the Venus of Milo as the embodied ideal of the greatest sculptor. What does he say to us in his work? Not only does the countenance speak, but everything speaks in her from the armless shoulders downwards, all the lines round the body and bosom are mirrored before us, as the verses of some exquisite poem linger in the ear. And

what do they say? Just what Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles say—legends, charming poems of the beauty of a people who have vanished, and of the splendour of their existence, enchanting us when we long to dream, making us increasingly happy when happiness is around us: merry, lovely, serious, thundering music, but bringing neither happiness, nor love, nor terror itself into our souls. No verse of Sophocles or Pindar affects us like Goethe and Shakespeare; no remembrance is awakened of the ideal in our own breast, when Antigone speaks and acts, or when we look at the Venus of Milo. Magnificent forms they are but still shadows, which, unlike the living type of our own day, appear no longer formed of flesh and blood when we place beside them Goethe's Iphigenia or Shakespeare's Juliet, in whose words we seem to listen to the expression of love which would enchant us from the lips we love most. From the eyes of Raphael's Madonnas, glances come to us which we understand; but who ever hoped for that in Grecian statues? The Greeks, who worked for themselves and their age, cannot fill our hearts. Since they thought and wrote, and carved, new world-exciting thoughts have arisen, under the influence of which that work of art must be formed which is to lay hold of our deepest feelings.

A strange coldness is breathed forth from the history of the ancient world. The masses appear to us cold as shady woods in the hot summer—single individuals seem solitary and unconnected with the rest. In spite of the vast deeds which enthusiasm prompts them to accomplish, they infuse this feeling into me. The life that they lead has something motionless in it, like the progress of a work of art. I see characters of such a fixed stamp, that our own appear eclipsed by the contrast; but that is wanting which is the element of our own day, which in its extreme becomes fanaticism, melancholy, despondency, and which in a less degree we call a disposition of the mind, a longing, and foreboding. They live and die without scruple, and their philosophy never frees itself from mist, to lose itself in mist again. No feeling of unsatisfactory longing makes them desire death as an admission to higher thoughts, but, taking farewell of life, they bid farewell likewise to the sun, and descend calmly into the cool twilight of the lower world. It is as if a breath of that shadowy repose, into which they then sink completely, had encircled them even in life, and had kept their thoughts uniformly fresh. They knew nothing of the restless impulse which impels us to meet uncertain events,—they knew nothing of that which Goethe calls the "dullness" of his nature, the alternating up and down into distinct and misty perception, the sadness which the sight of aught completed awakens in the soul. They felt none of this; none of this swaying hither and thither by destinies within, none of this seeking after repose, at discord with themselves, with society, and with the thoughts of the time. Their estimation of things was always clearly defined, and the thoughts of those who felt otherwise were like single clouds which never obscured the sun to the entire people nor darkened their sky. Whatever Greek sculptor wished to fashion beauty, represented her as

an immortal being with an eternal smile. He knew not that shuddering feeling of the transitoriness of the earthly, which snatches from our souls the delight we experience at the sight of beauty.

Dark clouds form with us the background to the brightest production. Our masters have a greater affinity with us than those of the ancients. Goethe and Shakespeare are indispensable to me; I would give up the ancient poets for them, if I had to choose. And so, too, I would not exchange Michael Angelo for Phidias. It would be as if I were to give up my own child for a stranger, though the strange one might appear fresher, stronger, and more brilliant. This inner affinity is of course the only thing which raises Michael Angelo above the Greeks. To me it nevertheless surpasses all other considerations. Wherever his art may be compared with that of the Greeks, it stands lower; but wherever the comparison ceases, there is an advance; and in the Aurora, this is stamped most purely. In the Last Judgment, Michael Angelo has represented in every stage this half-unconscious rising from sleep and restoration to thought; while in the Dying Slave, he has portrayed the sinking into the dream of death. In the whole range of sculpture, I know nothing finer than the countenance of this youth. In the Aurora, the feeling that fills her shines forth from every movement, wherever we look at her. We see her struggling against an intense weariness of body and mind; she has already supported herself on her arm, and is partly raised; she has placed her foot to step forward, and sinks back again. How magnificently has Michael Angelo, in the movement of the left arm, expressed the stretching out of the limbs at waking: the elbow is raised, and the hand, extended over the shoulder, lays hold of the folds of the veil. An entire symphony of Beethoven lies in this statue.

When the Night was exhibited for the first time, among the verses affixed to it, after the custom of the age, was one running thus:—"Night, whom you see slumbering here so charmingly, has been carved by an angel, in marble. She sleeps, she lives. Waken her, if you will not believe it, and she will speak." The author of the verse was one of the artist's strongest political opponents. To it he made the statue itself reply, "Sleep is dear to me, and still more that I am stone, so long as dishonour and shame last among us; the happiest fate is to see, to hear nothing; for this reason waken me not, I pray you, speak gently."

He was now near to sixty years of age. How imperceptibly the age of a great being glides on while we write of him, or read of him. He was back in Rome again. The Pope—whose interest he had opposed in Florence—Clement VII., if not absolutely reconciled to him, yet drew him near to his designs, and engaged him to work upon the great papal enterprises of the imperial city. The friends of the artist, also, were begin-

ning to be anxious about him. They represented to the Pope how he worked too much, slept little, eat little and badly, and was racked by rheumatism, headache, and giddiness. They desired that he might be saved from the keen air of the sacristy, in which he was working, that he might be permitted to finish his Madonna in the study, where more ease and comfort might be around him. The weary old man, racked by these various pains, and stirring the affections of reverent friends, was himself just finishing, in addition to his paintings in the chapel, the strong and graceful touches giving life to the Dawn and the Day. Also, we do not see that much money was flowing into the grand old man's coffers. He presided himself over the quarrying of his marble in Carrara, and managed the transit of it with a skill which watched the future form growing in the insensate stone, and so provided against the possibility of failure, flaw, or fault. It is amusing enough, too, in a grim kind of way, to see once more the terms upon which the artist and the Pope stood in relation to each other. Clement held him tightly occupied upon papal work by giving him to understand that a bull of excommunication would be hurled against him, if he worked for anybody but the Pope. So far the Pope decidedly had the best of it; for, in those days, no one could curse so effectually as he, and yet Clement said that Michael Angelo was one to whom nothing could be refused, although he does seem to have refused him rest, and to have evaded his claims for payment. The Pope used to say he never dared to sit down when conversing with Michael Angelo, for he would certainly have done the same; and if he ordered him to put on his hat in his presence, it was only because he assuredly would have put it on without that invitation. Beneath all these difficulties, however, arose another great work of our artist's, the Sacristy of San. Lorenzo. Michael Angelo, however, outlived Clement by many years, and, although the relationship may have had its littlenesses of unpleasantness, it does not produce upon us the grand effect of the surly but strong old despot, Julius. We do not suppose the artist would have memorialised Clement as a mighty Moses, in stone; he was quite nervous, timid, deceitful; well, anything the reader likes to imagine possessing those attributes.

Paul III. was a Pope of that age, which means nothing very captivating in morals or manners; but he was an old friend and employer of Michael Angelo, who had made designs for two candelabra for him, which now stand in the Sacristy of St. Peter's. Upon his elevation to the Papal chair, he instantly sent for Michael Angelo, telling him to consider himself in his

employ. The artist excused himself by an engagement with Duke D'Urbino. "It is now thirty years," exclaimed the Pope, with vehemence, "I have had this desire, and now that I am Pope, shall I not be able to effect it? Where is the contract, that I may tear it?" The desire, thus vehemently expressed, was especially for the painting of that Last Judgment, to which reference has been made, completing our artist's share in the glories of the Sistine Chapel.

Fifteen hundred and thirty-six—sixty-one years of age; there is a lifetime before the old man yet—a lifetime yet, containing perhaps his most world-renowned and marvellous immortality, including also the most precious joys and griefs men can know. Our author refers to the solitude of this great mind; he had become old in solitude. "I have no friends," he writes in his earlier years; "I need none, and wish to have none." Few of the vast intelligences who have filled the world ever have been companioned. Perhaps it is true, that while love is the want and need of all minds friendship is rarely granted to the greatest. There are exceptions, but they are rare. There are sighs and echoes in some of the sonnets of our artist of a disappointed heart, but no name is mentioned; if he were disappointed, he took up his grief, went with it on his way, prosecuted his work of solitude—his dream, his pencil, his chisel—wrangled with his popes, and in his rough, native dignity, evidently, from some anecdotes, would give them back growl for growl. At last, however, when about sixty-two, came the soft hand that woke this aged Endymion—the Diana to whom it belonged was nearly the same age; he met at last Vittoria Colonna; she stood in the rank of the foremost nobility of Europe; there had seemed a probability of her husband becoming King of Naples. When she came to Rome she was received by the Pope as became a princess of her rank. It will be supposed that it was the charm of kindred sympathies which drew these into their close and intimate affection with each other. She was able to exercise an authority over the artist, very sweet to feel, and which moulds and makes a man's genius, which he had never felt before, and for the want of which those grand women he limned in stone lack something of the tenderness which Christian grace and holiness give to womanhood. Why should it ever be thought that it is essential to woman's empire over genius that she should be young? A frolicsome kitten might be just as powerful as many a pretty girl, or even woman; it is the intelligence, it is the sympathy, the *naïvete*, and the soul, which are the property of no age especially, but which certainly do frequently shine in matured years. None

but a religious nature could have met the being of this great man, and Vittoria Colonna's was not only a religious nature, she seems to have looked at, inquired into, and to have been somewhat impressed by the Reformation ideas of the time. When the artist Francesco D'Orlanda was first introduced to them, she apologised to him because he found them engaged studying the Fra Ambrosio on the Pauline Epistles; and old as he was, she inspired our artist to cultivate poetry again. The sonnets between them are known, in which the past is glorified, and the present made radiant by resignation, and compensation beheld in the future. Only about five or six years this tender intimacy continued; then her life sank, clouded round by trials. She was an old woman, and life was decaying; the artist not only addressed her in a sonnet of immortal affection; to console her by a rare feat of art, he painted her likeness, and showed her herself as young and immortal in her own earthly beauty. She died in 1547. Michael Angelo saw her to the last. Upon her death, the old man—dare we call him old?—almost lost his senses; and years afterwards, he said to Condivi, he repented nothing so much as having only kissed her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks also, when he went to her at her last hour. Such legends as these redeem love back again to its own dominion; they show us what is its nature; they lighten deathbeds and coffins with smiles from eternity, and triumphantly say, "As love's beginning was not, so neither can its end be here."

The old man still toiled on, and now he draws near to that portion of his life for which the world thinks he was born. The efforts to rear St. Peter's had been failures. Bramante, San Gallo, Raphael had long since passed away, when Michael Angelo was to execute that work, which, beyond any other, was to gain him among his contemporaries the name of great. Julius III. was now Pope; he had succeeded to Paul III., 1549. It certainly seemed that our artist also in that year was at death's door. We read of his sharp diseases and pains, in addition to his age; he owed his illness especially to his utter carelessness about himself, and his regardlessness of life. We have no patience here to linger over the multitude of little personal jealousies which interfered with his vast plans in St. Peter's. His predecessors had not been sparing of money; on the contrary, they had encouraged a vast retinue of inferior workmen about the building; it had thus become a source of wealth to many, who were either promptly dismissed or cut short in their wages by Michael Angelo, who was parsimony itself, and very consistently he could be parsimonious here, as he received not the

slightest pay himself, and when the Pope attempted to force upon him a sum of money, promptly sent it back. The old man seems to have been plain spoken enough; and indeed it needed the promptness and decision of a Julius Cesar or a Cromwell, with an army of painters, sculptors, and architects, and scheming cardinals to boot. To these he often gave grave offence:—

The Cardinals Salviati and Cervini, to whom the care of the building had especially been consigned, had allowed themselves to be gained over by San Gallo's old party, and induced Julius III. to call a Council, before which Michael Angelo should defend himself. All those who had hitherto been engaged in St. Peter's Church were to meet together, and to give evidence that the building had been destroyed by Michael Angelo's new plan. The gentlemen had a number of complaints. Immense sums had been expended without their having been told wherefore; nothing had been communicated to them of the manner in which the building was to be carried on; they were completely useless. Michael Angelo treated them as if the matter did not concern them at all; he pulled down, so that it was a sorrow to all who saw it. This was what they expressed in a written document. Yet their criticism was not satisfied with such general statements. The special point in question was the transverse arches, stretching right and left from the centre of the church, where the dome was to be raised, and each of which terminated in three chapels. Michael Angelo's adversaries asserted that by this arrangement too little light reached the interior, a fact which even the Pope confidentially communicated to him. He replied that he wished those with whom the reproof originated to answer at the spot. The cardinals now came forward, and Cervini declared that it was he who had made the assertion. "Monsignore," replied Michael Angelo, "I intend placing three other windows above those already there." "You never gave a hint of that," answered the cardinal. To which Michael Angelo rejoined: "Nor was I bound to do so, nor will I bind myself to give your lordship, or any one else, information of my intentions. Your office is to furnish money, and to take care that it is not stolen. As regards the building plan, that concerns me alone." And then turning to the Pope: "Holy Father," he said, "you know what I get for my money, and that if my work does not tend to the saving of my soul, I shall have expended time and trouble in vain upon it!" Julius placed his hand on his shoulder. "Your eternal and temporal welfare," he said, "shall not suffer from it. There is no fear of that." The conference ended, and Michael Angelo had rest from his adversaries, so long as Julius III. lived.

Then came succeeding to the Papal chair, Caraffa, "The familiar old man with the death's head face." We associate the most demoniacal cruelties for the suppression of heresy with this terrible old man; even an accidental meeting with a

heretic, imposed a fine of five hundred ducats for the first offence, and death for the second. He has been spoken of as a skeleton filled with fire. At first, he seems to have lent himself to the faction existing, of course, against Michael Angelo, who was at this time eighty-one years of age; ultimately, he judged more wisely. He cared less about art than any of the immediately preceding Popes, but he determined that St. Peter's should advance rapidly, and he did more for the building than any of his predecessors. At this time, too, it is with an affecting interest that we read utterances from the great architect which are new to him as expressions of experience—a tender love for the mountains, the woods, and the clouds. These had not been spoken of in his periods of strength, manhood, and health, and quietude, if he ever knew quiet. Factions were busy round him in the city; then the Spaniards, too, laid siege to Rome, and his advice was sought, but he had fled to Spoleto. Dear old man, we can well conceive that in addition to all other turmoils, he did not need the turmoils of a military engineer at his eleventh hour. All solitary and alone, he plunged among the hills, visited the hermits of the mountains, and he writes, "I have left more than half my soul there, for truly there is no peace but in the woods."

Robert Browning, in his charming poem, *Old Pictures in Florence*, has expressed the delight he has felt, in wandering through that noblest city of modern art and artists, in exercising the gift God has given him of marking

In the mild decline of those suns like moons,
Who walked in Florence, besides her men.

We know of no life which more solemnly illustrates the meaning and intention of that Poem, the story of "the life long toil till the lump be leaven," and the story of

The race of man
That receives life in parts to live in a whole,
And grow here according to God's clear plan.

The life of Michael Angelo, more than any life we could easily refer to, exhibits, on a grand scale, these lessons—the saintliness of work, the consecration to ideals in life and art. In him the Vulcan of labour wrought ever beneath the animation and inspiration of the Venus of beauty. He was accustomed to say, "Those figures alone are good, from which the labour is scraped off, when the scaffolding is taken away." The lesson of work—the spirituality of work, shines through his life. At near eighty years of age, we read of his beginning in marble a group of four figures for a dead Christ, because, he said, to ex-

ercise himself with the mallet was good for his health. He wrought on beneath the pressure of disappointments, and the annoyance and persecutions of men who wrought for pay; his consolation was that he wrought for his art, his ideal, for his work. Eminently he teaches, as he lives, that beauty is truth, and truth beauty. His pictures, especially, more than his sculptures, are, as Cardinal Polæotus said, pictures should be mute theologians, they should delight, teach, and persuade: the end of a picture should be theology. To him the invisible was all; he shows how possible it is for the great artist, even as a saint of God, to endure as seeing him who is invisible. His emaciated body, his life of toil and self-denial, seem to say—

I bring the Invisible into full play,
Let the visible go to the dogs, what matters?

And then the end at ninety years of age:—

There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—
That, when this life is ended, begins
New work for the soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins;
Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,
Repeat in large what they practised in small,
Through life after life in unlimited series;
Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
By the means of Evil that Good is best,
And through earth and its noise, what is Heaven's serene,—
When its faith in the same has stood the test—
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done:
*There remaineth a rest for the people of God,
And I have had troubles enough for one.*

He seems to us in these last hours of life to look especially sublime! Friends or companions had all fallen around him, and left him very lonely among his great works. What a procession he had seen pass away since the time when he had heard Savonarola preach in his native city! Now, by day and night, we see him anxiously tending the death couch of his old servant, and when he died, he turned with a most anxious sympathy to the widow of one, we suppose, to him more a friend than a servant. Would he go on with St. Peter's? He said he longed to go home and lay his bones by his fathers. But he might not do so; he had begun, in God's name, he would persevere. He saw the end of another papacy; we may conceive his life to have been more than grave and serious—religious. But during these years, he grieves that he has done so little for his soul; yet no indications of a very good Papist come forth from him.

His aspirations were Christian, they were not Catholic ; he felt and expressed in sonnets that he had now reached the bounds of life, and now waited for his birth hour. There came upon him, it has been said, an invincible appetite for dying—a soft, sublime melancholy clothed all impressions. He says, “It is “twenty-four o’clock, and no fancy comes to his mind but death “is sculptured on it.” He died of extreme old age—and after his life, no one has any right to say that work can kill a man. The 18th of February, 1564, in the ninetieth year of his age, passed away the sublime being, whose name has only two or three which may be spoken of as synonymous to itself in the roll and calendar of great men—Homer, Dante, Sophocles, and Milton. The Shakespeares, Goethes, and Raphaels represent another order, and however high may be our appreciation of them, in the highest range of the immortals, they cannot rank with those. Power is more than beauty ; and character is more than grace. After thirty years’ absence from his native city, he returned. Rome would not part with his dust without a struggle. The coffin was conveyed as merchandise out of the city gates. Only a few knew who he was who entered the city in the covered coffin ; but when it was known that the great old prince had come home, that the coffin might be lowered where the cradle had been rocked, the city rose and poured into the church where he lay in state. Over the coffin lay the rich, black velvet, embroidered with gold, the gold crucifix upon it. By the light of torches, carried by the elder artists, the bier was supported, and carried forth by the younger artists from the church, where it had temporarily rested, to the sacred precincts of Santa Croce. There the coffin was opened that Florence might look its last. It was three weeks since he died ; but the features were unchanged. There were no symptoms of decay, and the appearance was as if death had only just placed upon him his seal. The Duke was afraid lest the return of the old revolutionary captain should create a commotion in the city ; his fears were groundless. Multitudes thronged to gaze as upon the tomb of an old emperor, under whom all was long ago great and glorious ; and there they left him to rest—and there his dust reposes—his monument, with those of Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli, in the same church. It is worth noticing, also, that his old house in Florence is still standing.

What an inadequate paper for such a life and such a man ! We are grateful to M. Grimm that he has given to us the opportunity of recreating impressions of an intelligence so noble and vast. We have left a whole world of matters in connection

with this great man untouched ; his relation to the great movements of his times, which beheld the rise of Luther. We think there is every reason to believe that, without being what it was impossible for him to be—an extreme man—he sympathised with, and drank in much of the spirit of the German reformation.

We have not attempted to give the pith and poetry of many of his speeches and poems. When he was rebuked on account of the nudity of some of his figures in the Last Judgment, and told that Pope Paul IV. desired that he should reform this fault, he bravely said—"Tell the Pope that is easily done. Let him reform the world, and he will find the pictures will reform themselves." But criticism and remarks on such a life are needless. We have said enough to create, in every reader's mind, a glow of admiration and homage for the memory of him of whom Raphael said—"I bless God I live in the times of Michael Angelo!"

II.

THE DOGMATIC PRINCIPLE.*

MR. LECKY'S two volumes are interesting, and bear marks of the most liberal thinking, and extensive reading ; but we fear the price is too high to secure for the work, valuable as it is, very general usefulness. The materials, if not condensed in fact, might have been brought into a much smaller and more portable shape and space. Yet it is a most interesting contribution to the history of opinion. Mr. Lecky's reading and information, as we have already said, are considerable ; but he uses them very much after the fashion of Mr. Buckle, of whom, while we will not suppose him to be a worshipping disciple, we presume him to be a hearty admirer, and whom he seems to imitate in the manipulation of his documents. It is written, however, in a spirit of careful and appreciative candour, which contrasts most pleasantly with the flippancy of the deceased historian. We turn to the book with great interest. The subject itself opens

* 1. *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.* By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. 2 vols. Longmans.

2. *The Dublin Review.* New Series, No. 2, Art. 6.

up to important chains of thought and speculation, and thought and speculation mould and influence opinion and action. Mr. Lecky says very truly, "A change of speculative opinions does not imply an increase of the data upon which those opinions rest, but a change of the habit of thought and mind which they reflect." But surely a change of the habits of thought and mind may represent, and most probably does represent, an increase of data; even as if we stand still, surrounded by night and fog, objects are dim or unseen; the morning comes, the shadows flee away, and the air is clear, and all things are different, beheld through a different medium, while yet our position remains unchanged. Now, this very much represents the increase of data for the observations of the human mind. The clearing of the mind itself may be the most important increase of data for the rectification and change of opinion. It is our author's opinion, and we have no doubt of the truth of it, that Watt and Stephenson will eventually modify the opinions of mankind almost as profoundly as Luther or Voltaire. Railways he regards as intellectual influences, and no doubt they create habits of thought which tend to one class of opinions; there can be no doubt of this. And it is a peculiarity of Mr. Lecky's book that it traces the spirit of rationalism, not only through its more speculative and literary movements, but also through its industrial forms, the most potent forms of its operation in the present day. We talk of the great masters of rationalistic thought in Germany, and we, perhaps, too much suppose that they have very greatly influenced our modes of thinking in England. They have, no doubt, exercised a very considerable influence on minds disposed and able to follow their ingenious and dizzy doctrines; but these are not the rationalists who have preached most effectively to the multitudes of our country. The giants, the new race of Titans, who have harnessed steam, and wind, and water, torn out the bowels of the earth, tunnelled vast viaducts through chains of mountains, enabled carriages to rush along through the defiles of tremendous hills—the passengers looking down upon towns and villages pursuing their work some thousands of feet below;—these are the great preachers of rationalism; these men who have created the steamboat, a new and wondrous sea-horse, to plunge through the foam, traversing the deep, and dropping the merchant and the mariner at the various *entrepôts* of commerce round the world. This is the subtle principle that makes men rationalists. There is nothing hidden from human strength. Man sets no bounds to his belief in what he can do. He has called God to come down from his throne, and has,

with a kind of derisive shout of laughter, run up the great steps of time and space, fondly thinking that he has established himself in the majestic seat, which superstition gave to Jupiter or Thor, and a loftier piety to Him who "Sat upon the circle of the earth, and before whom the inhabitants thereof were as grasshoppers." It is painful and dreadful enough to say it; but conceal it, disguise it, protest against it as we may, this is the spirit of modern opinion. There is no supernatural; all things continue as they were from the beginning; so they will grind on. As no telescope descries an end in the past, so neither can any descry an end in the future; it is a weary whirl from gyration to gyration; a set of ages running till the circle is complete, when it breaks, and all begins again. A hopeless mildew of indifference settles down upon our churches, and congregations, and preachers. Sit down with almost any man by your fireside, and throw out upon his soul the grappling-irons of close speech, and the ninety-nine chances against the one are that where you expected to find a Christian you have caught a rationalist. We say all this with no satire; it is only the cold and quiet expression of what every one who observes must see. This is rationalism. Mr. Lecky does not attempt to rectify this state of things. There is no help for it. Indeed, he only describes the influences which have brought about that state of affairs in the world in which matter is God. Our own remarks harmonize with his in regarding rationalism, not as any class of definite doctrines or criticisms, but as a certain cast of thought—a bias of reasoning which has, during the last three centuries, obtained a marked ascendancy in Europe. It is that spirit which leads men on all occasions to subordinate dogmatic theology to the dictates of reason and of conscience; while in history all events are natural, the supernatural, or the miraculous, of course, never has been, and never can supervene. Thus he says:—

Civilization makes opinions that are opposed to it simply obsolete. They perish by indifference, not by controversy. They are relegated to the dim twilight land that surrounds every living faith; the land, not of death, but of the shadow of death; the land of the unrealised and the inoperative. Sometimes, too, we find the phraseology, the ceremonies, the formularies, the external aspect of some phase of belief that has long since perished, connected with a system that has been created by the wants and is thrilling with the life of modern civilization. They resemble those images of departed ancestors, which, it is said, the ancient Ethiopians were accustomed to paint upon their bodies, as if to preserve the pleasing illusion that those could not be really dead whose lineaments were still visible among them, and were still associate with life.

In order to appreciate the change, we must translate these opinions into action, must examine what would be their effects if fully realised, and ascertain how far those effects are actually produced. It is necessary, therefore, not merely to examine successive creeds, but also to study the types of character of successive ages.

He follows this disintegrating process of rationalism through the rise of the industrial spirit in Europe; exhibits it in its collisions with the church; points out the marked intellectual and moral changes it has effected, and especially refers to the tendency of the great science of political economy—the rationalism of politics.

Meantime, there are foes to the rationalistic process, whose efforts, whether more bold, or more insidious, we contemplate with exceeding jealousy, with dread, we will even say with horror; that for which Rome has always girded herself to battle is the dogmatic principle as opposed to rationalism. She holds up her thin arm as a protecting barrier against the invasions, the incursions, and probable conquests of human thought. We last month referred to the sentence in Dr. Manning's recently published volume referring to the use of the secular arm in support of the spiritual power. We know that simply to repress the excursions of the human reason and thought, she has a science of persecution deposited in her archives, and a perfect enginery of torture in her hallowed arsenal—all ready (for Rome never forgets, and never obliterates) to spring forth—perfect for use, at any time, to defend her dogmas and *her truth* of the sovereignty of the church over all the rights of conscience, thought, and man. We confess to have been greatly surprised, that in a history of rationalism, referring also to its present position, aspects, and prospects, Mr. Lecky has not referred to the astute earnestness—there is really no contradiction in the terms—with which the modern Romanists still maintain their old ground; nor are there wanting among Protestants, so called, those who deny the first essential canon of Protestantism, that truth commends itself to every man's conscience. We fear that amongst ourselves—Protestants of every circle—there is no very distinct apprehension of the value and estimation of dogmatic theology as a whole. We have scarcely fixed, with any degree of precision, either the limitations of dogmatic theology, or, on the other hand, the limitations of the reasoning faculty. Rome claims a right, not merely to analyze the nice shades and distinctions of human motive; she also claims a right not merely to indicate the broad-border land which separates the true from the false; she does not merely—as, indeed, the Church of England does—claim the right to

hurl her thunders of excommunication against those who do not say amen to all the nice casuistries of the Athanasian creed,—she claims, by a nice and refining process of scholarship, casuistry, and subtlety, to settle the modes of existence of the eternal Being Himself; she claims that she has an intellectual and scientific shape for every form in the immense and bewildering system of her theology; and she claims the right to blast and burn here, and curse and damn for ever those who do not surrender themselves, body, soul, and spirit, mind, reason, and will, to all the contingencies of this casuistical teaching. The article, to which we have referred, in *The Dublin Review*, shows that we do not express ourselves too strongly upon the present position of the dogmatic principle in the Romish church. The writer of the article, referring to the charge made against Rome of being a persecuting church, says:—

It is probable enough that great numbers of these heterodox men are unintellectual, and do not trouble themselves to express their misbelief in any scientific shape. But some will be of a different stamp, and will be irresistibly impelled to state and propagate their tenets; while the multitude will recognize in such statements an expression of their own opinion, and will rally round the standard of these pestilential heresiarchs. Now you have already by implication admitted that these heresiarchs (without at all entering into the question of their moral culpability) are, in matter of fact, endeavouring to inflict on their fellow-men one of the greatest calamities possible. And it must be plain to you that if the Church be what *she claims to be, the divinely appointed guardian of doctrine*, she would be simply faithless to her mission did she not adopt most energetic measures of resistance.

To this writer, and to such as he, the conservation of the dogmatic principle, in opposition to the rights of the individual conscience, seems like the conservation of a classical taste at Oxford. Very few Oxford men are able to devote their time and their lives to the fine minutiae and precisions of classical elegance; but a few do so devote their time and their life—perhaps ten or twenty in one lifetime in the nation. Their discoveries and verdicts become canons of taste, and their adjudications are final. Is it not strange, argues the writer, that this should be thought natural in the matter of the classics and unnatural in religious doctrine? So, however, there are men who study theology, and theology alone, who devote their whole life to the analysis of fine intellectual distinctions, having relation to religious doctrine, and modes of infinite being; but what an immense gulf there is between these two! It is supposed that the studies of these theologians, brought

into the church, accepted and placed in her cabinet, forming a part of her creed, affect destinies for immortality. The length of a Greek metre—the doctrine of the Greek article—the fine shades of meaning conveyed in Greek particles—what are all these compared with the immense mountain chain of ideas, each bristling with a fortress, but all holding thunders for those who are not on the heights, called to the mind when, for instance, we think of the doctrine of transubstantiation—a doctrine which has probably burned as many bodies, and, Rome would say, damned as many souls as all items of its creed put together. The writer to whom we have already referred in *The Dublin Review*, refers to the Calvinistic doctrine of personal assurance and faith in Christ the Saviour, as the one thing needed for salvation. It seems this doctrine has been held by undoubted bad men : Rush, the murderer, a little time before his execution, expressed some sort of belief in this tenet of assurance ; it is therefore, to the writer, horrible and blasphemous. But suppose, on the contrary, he had expressed faith in the church, and received absolution from the priest ; dying in the same state, we can see no difference in the horrible condition of the man's mind, while assuredly it seems that the outlook, even for such a being, is something better in trusting to the assured mercy of God in Christ, than to what Protestantism would regard as a kind of religious and priestly conjuring. The writer says :—

Now, the Church has proscribed and anathematized this disgusting and blasphemous heresy from the moment when it was first invented. And is it not monstrous that the only thanks she receives for her pains from this champion of Christian morality, is to be told that, in condemning this heresy, she has neglected “the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, and truth” ?

These items show the present collision of the dogmatic with the rationalistic principle, while Rome would still claim the right to persecute, to prison, to torture, and to death, the “teachers of heterodoxy,” of whom the writer in *The Dublin Review* speaks as “enemies to mankind, and as seeking to inflict one of the gravest possible calamities on their fellow-men.” The zeal for the dogmatic principle, the writer designates thus :—

Of course, since Catholics are peccable, and since large numbers of them have taken a prominent part in controversy, it will be certain, *à priori*, that in several cases much sin and imperfection would be mixed with laudable zeal. But the amount of this bitterness has been preposterously exaggerated by Protestant thinkers, for a very natural reason. They are totally ignorant of some among the deepest phenomena of the human mind, and are unable to understand, ever so distantly,

the real reasons which induce saintly men to struggle for pure doctrine as for their most precious treasure. In every case, therefore, where this keen and eager interest is displayed, Protestants have no solution of the problem, except in the imputation of bitterness and uncharitableness.

A pretty assumption truly! So that *à priori* we are to expect the dogmatic principle to be "holy, harmless, and undefiled," neither uncharitable nor unmerciful, and rationalism, or Protestantism, to be full of "malice and uncharitableness." The history of persecution tells a very different tale. We have remarked thus lengthily upon the dogmatic principle, for the purpose of showing that, consistently with herself, Rome can never cease to persecute. The cant and rubbish about her being persecuted in Protestant communities is simply disgusting to us. That, in the nature of things, efforts should be made to repress the influence of Rome is not wonderful, since, if not a traitor in the state, she can never be other than guilty of treason to the understanding. We are quite free to confess that most of the first reformers, Luther, Melancthon even, Calvin, and others, did not see the width of their own Protestantism; they argued for the right to put down error by punishment—by what we should call persecution. Mr. Lecky is often unjust to Protestantism, as when he says he has "accumulated evidence sufficient to show how little religious liberty is due to Protestantism considered as a *dogmatic* system." But, indeed, freedom can seldom gain by dogma, and yet that dogma of the freedom of the conscience of man has been the liberator of the whole mind of man; and the persecutions of Protestantism have been upon the most insignificant scale, and have scarcely existed at all where they have not been provoked by civil war. Some of our modest Papal friends have a way of speaking of the Spanish soldiers who died at the siege of Antwerp as martyrs; while we should rather regard the whole story of the Netherlands as the record of the martyrology of freedom at the hand of Rome. When Rome twits Protestantism with the fact that there arose beneath the sanction of her teachers an isolated stake or two, she ought rather to remember the school in which they had all received their lessons. Rome has indeed encouraged Xavier, but the reformers beheld the Church of Rome everywhere worshipping at the shrine of Torquemada. As the ages have advanced, Protestantism has become more liberal; a few years since, Lutheran persecutions in Sweden called for remonstrance from our own, and we believe other Protestant governments, and the remonstrance effected a change. Rome, the conservator of the dogmatic principle, is, in spirit, and where she can be, in practice, as ruthless, as reckless of human emotion, as cruel as

in her darkest age. Nor can it be doubted that the story of this church and of her dogma, is the record of the shedding of more innocent blood than has ever been shed by any other institution existing among mankind. It is the dreadful story of a holocaust of human blood. The Druid sacrificed to the creative principle, without very clearly understanding what that might be—the subtle principle of all creative nature: the Romish priest has sacrificed, set on fire his immense mountain of human life to the dogmatic principle, the principle of all-conserving assertion—dogma. The Spanish inquisition burned thirty-one thousand persons, and tortured two hundred and ninety thousand. In the reign of Charles V., fifty thousand persons perished, sacrificed to the dogmatic principle, in the Netherlands. We suppose quite as many perished there in the reign of his son, that chief anointed idiot and high priest of dogma, Philip II. In addition to these pleasant items, during the same years the dogmatic principle was burning out its victims in Mexico, Lucia, Carthagená, the Indies, Sicily, Sardinia, Oran, and Malta. In honour of the dogmatic principle, Rome has thought nothing of sentencing a nation to death. Thus she devoted the Albigenses to massacre; thus history beheld a Pope chanting his *Te Deum* for the massacre of St. Bartholomew; thus the holy office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics, that is, persons who set conscience, reason, and inquiry against dogma. In three lines of a proclamation, says Dr. Motley, three millions of persons were sentenced to the scaffold. Regarded thus, the dogmatic principle rises to the imagination like some terrible, cruel beast, if we should not rather say, like some reckless and malignant fiend: and how tremendous yet is this power of volition and conscience—speak it boldly, and say—this spirit of rationalism in man, which the foul, strong hoof of the hideous monster has quite failed to trample out, which still lives and reigns, which glows in the philosophy of Descartes, which still vibrates in the gentle teaching of Taylor, in innumerable strains of holiest poetry, in mightiest conquest of all-enterprising science; and after the perfidious attempts to trample human instincts in the dust, after the failure of the dreadful cruelties, when, by slow fires, a triumphant church consumed her victims, or tore their ears from the roots, or branded them with hot irons, or wrenched their fingers by thumbkins, or shattered the bones of the legs by boots, or scourged women publicly through the streets, or let loose an infuriated soldiery upon them—the very Nemesis seems to have come when Protestantism has risen to rationalism, and threatens not only to annihilate the dogmatic principle, but

all the hopes, and energies, and conclusions from which it sprung.

We have said so much, it will be perceived, not for the purpose of implying that Romanists are, as men, more inhuman than Protestants—these transactions are the result not of the personal character of the persecutors, but of the principles they profess; it is true that monks and inquisitors, while frequently characterized by noble traits, seem to exhibit a total absence of natural affection; but these persecutions were the result of a belief in exclusive salvation, and men who hold the doctrine of exclusive salvation within the confines of their own sect or church, will always and consistently persecute. Protestantism contained in its first promulgation the elements of the utmost freedom for the human mind; it became, in a sense, naturally rationalism—thus bringing laws, and practices, and creeds to the test of human thought. Mr. Lecky shows how long before the birth of the Reformation the human mind had been groping and feeling its way to freedom. Sceptical utterances, the exact error of which yet could not very well be fixed or proscribed by authority had been heard; but from the auspicious hour, when the Reformation declared the rights of mind and conscience, the human spirit has been moving onward with immense strides, assuredly distancing all that it had done or dared before. The impulse given by the Reformation has compelled the interpretation of articles and special creeds by the principles of universal and revealed truth—the wants, and aspirations, and moral sentiments which seem inherent in human nature. Mr. Lecky speaks of the brilliant history of rationalism, and, contrasted with the history of dogmatism, which is synonymous with all exclusiveness and persecution, it is a brilliant history. At present, we mark how it impairs our conception of the miraculous and the supernatural, but we know that it has annihilated the belief in witchcraft, and wizardry, and magic. At present we mark how it tends to shut up many sympathies, and to destroy much sentimental, if natural, benevolence, but we know that it has annihilated protection in commerce, created the science of political economy, called a thousand colonies into existence, and everywhere poured over the earth the teeming tokens of industry. We remark, at present, how exclusive prerogatives wane, how ancient privileges are gazed upon with suspicion, if not with contempt, how reverence for the heraldic and antique in law has almost expired, and the toe of the peasant treads on the heel of the courtier; but we know that it has limited the domain of legal punishment to the dominions of nature and common-sense, has given a power to the multitude, which, certainly, in our own

country, has never been used unrighteously, and has made our practical utilitarianism in politics constantly a benefaction and a blessing to the nation. Most copiously, and with a delightful array of informing reading, our author shows how the principle he loves to honour has wrought its glorious destiny in all these departments; but the rationalistic and dogmatic principles are likely still to stand for a long time in hostility, face to face with each other. The limitations of rationalism our author has not indicated, but there are such limitations; and if the reins are not held over the neck of human reason, it may prove as licentious a creature as priestly dogmatism. Our receipt for the cure is assuredly neither in putting a padlock on the human mind, nor in terrifying it merely by the old expedients of the horrors of a world to come. Our only faith, next to a faith in the Word of eternal truth, is in the education of the whole man—conscience and mind, will and heart. The impenetrable mystery which lies at the root of every thing, should compel the reason to put its finger upon its lip, and reverently to kneel and adore. We are able now to weigh together dogmatic systems and moral principles. Time was, when, no doubt—and possibly there are still those, to whom—a dogmatic system became a motive to right, and interposed a barrier in the pathway of wrong doing. In such an age the elaboration of the doctrine of Hell was the central fact of religion, and around its agencies men's thoughts, and fears, and hopes revolved, as Dante and Virgil trod their dreadful way through its glooms to the upper air of the Purgatory and the Paradise. In those ages men were told that the Almighty, by the fiat of his uncontrolled power, had called into being countless millions for eternal torment; tender infancy was consigned to those flames; men disputed concerning the locality of hell. They argued that the Deity was the author of sin. Mr. Lecky says, with a sneer not justified, we think, or needed:—

Among the writings of the Fathers there are few which long possessed a greater authority than a short treatise "*De Fide*," which is one of the clearest and most forcible extant epitomes of the Patristic faith, and which, till the time of Erasmus, was generally ascribed to St. Augustine, though it is now known to have been written, in the beginning of the sixth century, by St. Fulgentius. In this treatise we find the following very distinct statement of the doctrine:—"Be assured," writes the saint, "and doubt not that not only men who have obtained the use of their reason, but also little children who have begun to live in their mothers' womb and have there died, or who, having been just born, have passed away from the world without the sacrament of holy baptism, administered in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;

must be punished by the eternal torture of undying fire; for although they have committed no sin by their own will, they have nevertheless drawn with them the condemnation of original sin, by their carnal conception and nativity." It will be remembered that these saints, while maintaining that infants whose existence was but for a moment descended into eternal fire on account of an apple that was eaten four thousand years before they were born, maintained also that the creation and the death of those infants were the direct, personal, and uncontrolled acts of the Deity.

All through the middle ages we trace the influence of this doctrine in the innumerable superstitious rites which were devised as substitutes for regular baptism. Nothing indeed can be more curious, nothing can be more deeply pathetic, than the record of the many ways by which the terror-stricken mothers attempted to evade the awful sentence of their Church. Sometimes the baptismal water was sprinkled upon the womb; sometimes the stillborn child was baptized, in hopes that the Almighty would antedate the ceremony; sometimes the mother invoked the Holy Spirit to purify by His immediate power the infant that was to be born; sometimes she received the Host or obtained absolution, and applied them to the benefit of her child. These and many similar practices continued all through the middle ages in spite of every effort to extirpate them, and the severest censures were unable to persuade the people that they were entirely ineffectual. For the doctrine of the Church had wrung the mother's heart with an agony that was too poignant even for that submissive age to bear. Weak and superstitious women, who never dreamed of rebelling against the teaching of their clergy, could not acquiesce in the perdition of their offspring, and they vainly attempted to escape from the dilemma by multiplying superstitious practices, or by attributing to them a more than orthodox efficacy. But the vigilance of the theologians was untiring. All the methods by which these unhappy mothers endeavoured to persuade themselves that their children might have been saved are preserved in the decrees of the Councils that anathematised them.

From these dreadful ideas, assuredly our theology, where it is real, has emerged into a kingdom of purer motive and power. There is a vast improvement since the time when "miscreant" was the synonym for the misbeliever. We marvel how such conceptions could ever be found in the neighbourhood of the Gospel, as much as we marvel when, in the pictures of the middle ages, we behold the rack and the crucifix side by side. It is a circumstance of grateful pride that this march and advance of the human mind finds Christianity able to keep pace with it, rather it is still far a-head of it. If we have left the asceticism of the middle ages far behind, still it is satisfactory to know that modern philanthropy receives as much contempt, while it is as real a presence, amongst us as was the cowed monk of the middle ages. Our hope and faith, therefore,

is, that in future unfoldments, and exercises of the human mind, man will return from some of his wild and egregious flights into vacancy and unbelief, and as the deeper and higher reason is made sensitive and responsive in him, it will place him, by its own exercise—where dogma sought to place him by blinding and numbing sense and feeling—in the centre of the great eternal facts of Providence, incarnation, atonement, and immortality.

III.

MISTER ARTEMUS WARD, HIS BOOK.*

BEFORE the publication of this volume, an impression possessed the minds of many persons, from the advertisement, that it was another contribution from the author of the *Biglow Papers*, to American humour. Mister Artemus Ward, however, is in reality Charles F. Brown, a kind of Yankee Albert Smith, who travels through the States, apparently in much the same way as that in which the lamented English jocularist visited the various towns of England, for the purpose of scattering about his squibs and crackers of joke and merriment. The book belongs to a department of humour which does not create more than a temporary interest. It is a something compounded of Mr. Biglow and Sam Slick; and as Mr. Thackeray's ballads of *Pleasant X.*, and the mournful ballad of *Eliza Davis* are by no means illustrations of his genius, but only of a sportful playfulness naturally oozing from the great master of modern humour and satire, these letters of Mr. Ward may be said, in certain drolleries of exaggeration, in character, speech, and spelling, to resemble them. Mr. Ward is a Yankee showman, as one may say, tolerably learned in the extent of his ignorance, but with a large amount of Slickish shrewdness, which he exercises and expresses freely on all matters pertaining to "the great nation." Perhaps his character will come out pretty plainly to our readers if we give to them one of Mr. Ward's business letters—that, indeed, by which he is introduced to the readers of this volume:—

To the Editor of the——

SIR,—I'm movin along—slowly along down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a

* *Artemus Ward, His Book. With Notes, and a Preface, by the Editor of the Biglow Papers.* John Camden Hotten.

amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figures of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkm, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile. Also get up a tremendjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If its a temprance community tell 'om I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your people take their tods say Mister Ward is as Jenial a fellar as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an Sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new borne Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun? My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxysus to skewer yourn infloounce. I repeet in regard to them handbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't. Respectively yures, A. WARD.

P.S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

Perhaps the drolleries of a volume like this can only be really appreciated in the society which they satirize. *Pickwick* is, in reality, the father of all this generation of humorists, and that humour can only be thoroughly enjoyed by those who enter into all the humours of London life. We are not unmindful of the value in society of the social droll. Not only does it seem necessary that there should be secreted amongst us a certain proportion of humour from year to year, and that *Punches* and *Charivaris*, with their mirth-compelling pages and moralities, should furnish for tired brains the recreation and refreshment of laughter; but these things are usually on the side of truth, freedom, and man. Amongst these, however, we are certainly not disposed to assign to Mr. Ward a very high place. It is what, in this country, we should denominate as costermonger's wit—the kind of broad fun, to which we have often listened, fired off from a *Cheap John* in the market-place and Broadway. It is also, perhaps, the kind of wit by which the multitude are most affected. Coarse, self-sufficient, immense in exaggeration, uproarious, he has a grotesque realistic power of misinterpreting people. A respectable-looking man in black, in a railway car, accosts him—

Sez he, "How fares the Ship of State in yure regine of country?"

"Sez I, "We don't hav no ships in our State—the kanawl is our best holt."

He pawsed a minit and then sed, "Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?"

"No," sez I, getting up and lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"It's hear—its everywhares," he sed.

Sez I, "Why how you tawk!" and I gut up agin & lookt all round. "I must say my fren," I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kant see nothin of no krisis myself." I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentowrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis consealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individooouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damsel rite behind me in a pine gown made the observashun, "He, he."

In Oberlin, he sees "Perfesser Peck,"—

As I was sayin, I arrovod at Oberlin, and called on Perfesser Peck for the purpuss of skewerin Kolonial Hall to exhibit my wax works and beests of Pray into. Kolonial Hall is in the college and is used by the stujents to speak peaces and read essays into.

Sez Perfesser Peck, "Mister Ward, I don't know 'bout this bizniss. What air your sentiments?"

Sez I, "I hain't got any."

"Good God!" cried the Perfesser, "did I understand you to say you hav no sentiments?"

"Nary a sentiment!" sez I.

"Mister Ward, don't your blud bile at the thawt that three millions and a half of your culled brethren air a clankin their chains in the South?"

Sez I, "not a bile! Let them clank!"

Mr. Ward gets among the spirits and spirit-rappers, and the following is the result of his interview with them:—

Sez I, "my frens, its troo I'm here, & now bring on your Sperrets."

I of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Some men had bigger intellecks than other men had and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was material but man was immateriel and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axletree onct en 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axletree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum mettymorfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistence & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This

was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "bully for you, old boy".]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. They axed me if thare was anbody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onet my partner in the show bizniss, was sober, I should like tu converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goz it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show bizniss, William?" sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan), stired up the animals & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delightin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly friend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He said no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunced.

The Sircle said he had gone. "Air you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck funder.

I then called for my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bime-by you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show bizniss I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut bizniss & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

Mr. Ward, as our readers will perhaps see by this time, is rather a caricaturist than a humorist; he is a general American droll, and as he conducts his show through society, falls foul of all dignities, by that faculty which is the caricaturist's chief weapon. The people, either of the States or of other countries, upon whom the world looks either with a certain amount of

respect, or even awe, have all the dignity washed out of them by the free-and-easy style of Mr. Ward's self-created introductions. He sees, and converses, with *Albert Edard, Prince of Wales*; he has an interview with *Old Abe, President Linkin*, to whom he did a good turn, by clearing his office of an immense throng of place-hunters. "Go home!" he exclaimed—

"Go home, you miserable men, go home and till the sile? Go to pedlin tin-ware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'origenal and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin' at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—write for the *Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest livin, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin' but go to onct! If in five minits from this time,' sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as though Satun hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

Then, with a showman's royal condescension, he exclaimed—

"A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged pieters, so we could gaze upou each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

So also he saw the *Prince Napoleon*; and, in the same manner, he remarks on the *Little Patti*—"When she smiles, the awjince "feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, and to continner doin "it 2 a indefnit extent."

Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentiments was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily exsited frame of mind, & ef that kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of

these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, ye kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injianny.

Some notorieties do not fare very well in the hands of Mr. Ward. "I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have been ten "dollars in Jeff. Davis's pocket if he'd never bin born!" It is impossible for him to express himself upon any person or subject but in the queer, grotesque frame of badinage and persiflage. Thus, for instance, he discourses on "forts"—

Skakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.

That's so!

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, and boldly anser no whares, or eny whare else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world! anuther life saived!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisement.)

Discoursing upon the moral influence of the writings of Shakspeare, in comparison with that exercised by his own wax figures, Mr. Ward is compelled to give the palm to the wax. He fails to perceive the high moral bearing and intention of the elder and more world-renowned performances.

I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompeled to sware so much at that air infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desine will be flustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morrality, reminds me that some folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patternized by people of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakspeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straw at folk, and larfin like a silly old koot, and makin a ass of hisself ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Macbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round aint she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a friendly visit to their house. O its hily morral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, "gin me the daggurs—Ile let his bowels out," or words to that effeck—I say, this is awl strickly propper I spoze? That Jack Fawlstarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a loon. Thare's Richurd the Three peple think heze grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a monkster. He kills everybody he takes a notion to in kold blud, and then goes to

sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss so he kan go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shoold like to know whare you find um. Thare's Iargo who is more ornery nor pizen. See how shameful he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleeve his wife was too thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mr. Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the dramer in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snakes over theater plays, in a interlectooal pint of view.

We have quoted quite sufficiently from this very clever caricature to show its quality. We cannot accompany Mr. Ward and his show among the Mormonites, or to his interview with Brigham Young, or to the Shakers, and his queer reception when benighted in their settlement, or to Oberlin, where he falls pell mell upon the quiet dignity of our friend, Professor Finney. He finds himself in "that extensive seek called free-lovers, who believed in affinertys and sich."

A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their buzzums. Their pockets were filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, and why should they? That was their style of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was scanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst. O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A.

Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endevertin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty?"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent?"

"Listin, man, & I'll tell ye;" sed the strange female; "for years I have yearned for thee. I know'd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, though I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

We must now lay down this assuredly entertaining volume. That it belongs to an order of which we have a very high appreciation, assuredly we cannot say; but we have as little doubt that it will be in general much more highly appreciated than a nobler and subtler kind of wit. Mr. Ward is of that order of wits who move to and fro like chartered libertines of speech, as the cap and bells consecrated effectually the fools of old time, while they indulged in a dangerous daring of speech—a modicum of which would have conducted other men to the scaffold; but society needs not only its Cervantes or Thackeray; and a weekly *Punch* or Artemus Ward the showman sometimes satirize and shiver folly more effectually, even as a little detonating powder will sometimes perform a little piece of practical work left unaccomplished by the thunderstorm. As to the editing of the volume, or, to speak more appropriately, its introduction, while certainly it is a very fitting task for the editor and compiler of the *Slang Dictionary*, it betrays many of the same characteristics of false and foolish prejudice and ignorance. The idea of finding any very marked relationship between Artemus Ward's dissertations and the Puritan preachers of old New England, is one that can only be regarded in the light of

Mr. Ward's own exaggerations. The anecdote attributed to Lorenzo Dow has been with much more probability ascribed to two or three English pulpit wits. One thing we may safely assert from Mr. Hotten's mode of introducing the story, that he knows nothing of Lorenzo Dow, and has never read his strange and entertaining biography. We apprehend that he is more familiar with a book he is very likely to have mistaken for the real Simon Pure, the sermons of Dow, Junior.

There have been men of the pulpit not unlike Artemus Ward; but these have not flourished among the old New England Puritans; nor is the likeness to be found alone, either in Puritanism or in Protestantism. There was no necessity for the introduction of a comparison between the pulpit man and the showman at all. Certainly, the finding any likeness to Artemus Ward in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, can only be regarded as a piece of ill-natured and coarse ignorance. The analogy would be more true, and it would fail then, if applied to some of the later mediæval preachers, such as Antonio Vieira; but he was much more a Swift or a Cervantes in the pulpit than an Artemus Ward. We should not have broken on this ground, but for the wholly needless way in which Mr. Hotten has touched it in his introduction.

IV.

THE CAMP OF FREEDOM.*

WHEN the cry burst through astonished Europe, the better part of some century since, "the Bastile has fallen!" there was not a sound, free heart that did not thrill and bound with gratitude and admiration. It was no child's play that, the work was not effected in any sentimental manner—blood was shed, and blood had to be shed; for when great wrongs get righted only at the point of military necessity, sharp work ensues. If nations will send the sibyl away when she comes with her charmed leaves, they must expect the consequences of the wrath of the sibyl, who would have warned, and would have

* 1. *A Voice from Vicksburg, and a Plea for the Coloured Freedman.* By Frederick Tomkins, Esq., M.A., D.C.L. 2nd edition. John Snow. Published by Freedman's Aid Society.

2. *Freedman's Advocate.* New York.

saved. Thus, in the experience of America, at this hour, another Bastile, more vast, and grim, and horribly inclusive of victims and cruelties, has fallen; and if the same tumult of joy does not agitate our hearts, it is because—

Of old things, all are over-old—
Of good things, none are good enough.

We have become used to the deeds of freedom; we, perhaps, have not the hope and faith our fathers had, nevertheless, so it is, that in America, at this moment, there is a territory within the lines of the Northern army, reclaimed from rebellion by the Federal Union, embracing, so far as we can gather, the country from Cairo, down the Mississippi to Red River, together with the state of Arkansas, within whose boundaries nearly two millions of refugees, from Southern slavery, are waiting the issues of the great clock of events and providence. We are young enough in heart to feel some of those emotions, we may presume, our fathers felt, as they heard the knell of despotism toll in Paris. Meantime the joy over the liberation of these many multitudes, like that other joy, has its great drawbacks. The fall of the Bastile ultimately threw a continent into uproar and war; we believe that most wise heads regard the fall of that typical prison, as well purchased even by its tremendous consequences. In a like confusion have these two millions of refugees forced their way within the lines of freedom; like the Israelites of old they have escaped into the wilderness in the night of the nation which held them in bondage, while they went forth. It was no shadowy, but a real and fearful presence of the angel of death, which smote the firstborn of the land. We know that many in this country regard their emancipation as a farce, because proclaimed by President Lincoln in this hour of great conflicting interests. It is as much a farce as the falling of the Bastile; it is in this way always freedom wins its majority—the real cause out of sight behind the protocols of statesmen. Have we not said already, that military necessity comes because the nation would not hear the sibyl when she warned—the black man was all along the disturbing cause in America. It is a quarter of a century ago now, since Longfellow said, with all the prescience of a poet's prophecy—

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this common weal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and ruin lies.

When the Israelites went up out of Egypt, the divine story tells us how miracle, which had paralyzed the arm of their tyrant, moved before them to supply them all the way; but we know what thousands fell in the wilderness, and that hungering and thirsting, their souls cried to God. Exactly this is the state of very many thousands along the camp we have mentioned; they have escaped for their souls, they have brought with them into the air of freedom little else beside their souls. We are glad to see humanity alive with its wonted lovable and inspiring freshness to relieve their needs. Their circumstances are of imminent distress; they are upon what we have usually regarded as Southern ground, but it is not the ground of the sunny South—it touches the cold, aguish, and biting North. The resources of the Northern government have been taxed, we believe, to the extent of several millions of dollars, yet they have only been able to supply, and only guarantee to these shelter, and one ration a-day; this leaves them, therefore, in every kind of need; the supply of food, of course, is slight, only merely necessary; clothing they have usually next to none; they want, in fact, everything that can be regarded by us as the merest necessity of life. The humanity of the United States began very early to contemplate this dreadful and growing claim, and there were members of the Society of Friends, in England, who better than twelve months since volunteered their help. The members of that society have often had to endure the scoffing of those who spoke of the negro as their pet child. It is true from the days of John Woolman to the present hour they have sympathised in a very practical way with his woes, and seem to stand like the peaceful soldiers of humanity, to throw over him the shield of their help and protection, helping him to freedom, and inspiring him with the love of freedom, and industry, and education. A movement, therefore, soon arose among the friends in England to help, especially in clothing, the black refugees of the South. Birmingham, we believe, led the way in the good work. It is now likely to assume larger proportions; in addition to an association exclusively, we believe, of friends, including, we are happy to see, the names of the wealthiest and foremost of their honoured body, they now invite and fall into co-operation with members of other societies and communions, and all to whom humanity is not a matter of colour or of kingdom, but a service of love to Him who made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth, and of Him whose cross was borne up the steep hill—when he fainted beneath its burden Himself—by the negro Simon, the Cyrenian. We quite know the cold steady reaction of feeling which has set in

on the mind of this country against what is called philanthropy; we know the cold distrust of all schemes of benevolence; we know that most who give, give mechanically, and neither expect to realize in this world or the next by their givings; we know, also, that a cold steady action of thought moves on in this country against the negro; we know that the Anthropological Society, with its apostles, chief priests, and elders, such as Captain Burton and Dr. Hunt, seems to exist for the very purpose of proving the negro—we will not say a higher kind of monkey, for decidedly as compared with the negro, the gorilla has the best of it, but for the purpose of proving him a monkey, or thereabouts: but we think the Freedman's Aid Society may expect sympathy from the Church. We are glad to see that some churches have begun the good work of collecting and sewing, and is there not on every hand, and on every aspect of the matter, a claim? We separate this question from either political principles or prejudices. Yet, surely, the North has a claim upon our sympathy. When in 1847, that fearful famine decimated Ireland, the North contributed in corn and other provisions, to the amount of £200,000, and the contributions, even in this period of her own calamity and distress, to the Lancashire famine, have amounted to about £50,000. A quarter of a million expended in humanity may well be a call to us not to be behind. This is the kind of warfare we should like to maintain with America; the warfare of the *entente cordiale*—this provoking each other to love and good works. The burden of the emancipation is likely to rest upon her for a long time to come. The emancipation of our slaves was a moment of national rejoicing; we were at peace—it was a period of national prosperity. They were five thousand miles away from the people who emancipated them. The emancipation was not effected in haste, or by flight, but by a period of preparation: all these elements of happiness are wanting in the flight of the black races along the lines of the Mississippi; still they pour in within the lines. Every time a military post is abandoned, hundreds of coloured people are compelled to leave their homes, and follow the troops to some place of safety. Chaplain Buckley writes from Vicksburg,—“Every raid brings “in hundreds more. During a hard storm of December last, “three thousand freedmen were launched at Davis' Bend, with “no shelter from the storm, in consequence of the abandon- “ment of Goodrich landing as a military post. They had no “teams, and no tools, and yet they had to build their own pro- “tection from the storm.” The same chaplain writes, that “much good has been done by the noble-hearted in his camp of

"destitution, where hunger and cold, disease and idleness, hold
 "in one relentless grasp helpless infancy and feeble age—
 "homeless youth, and crippled women, and crippled men." Thus they stand, on the threshold of freedom, like the rescued passengers of a ship lost on the strand, standing on a barren sea shore, wet and shivering with the cold blast of the tempest. The poor things want encouragement, advice, and strength to go forward, holding up their heads, and with hope and energy to assume the responsibilities of free men. To our own minds the intelligence is very bright from many districts, along which the trumpet of freedom has sounded. The dawning of freedom in Georgia was proclaimed by a circumstance to us of a peculiar significance and meaning—the turning of a great slave auction mart into a school-room; we cite from a letter from Mr. Lynch of Savannah this pleasing incident:—

"A. BRYAN'S NEGRO MART."

We have secured from the Government the use of three large buildings:

1. "A. Bryan's Negro Mart" (thus reads the sign, with two stars each side of it, over the door). It is a large three-story brick building. In this place slaves had been bought and sold for many years. The windows of the upper story have iron gates. We found many "gems," such as handcuffs, whips, and staples for tying, etc. Bills of sales of slaves by hundreds, and letters, all giving a faithful description of the hellish business. This we are going to use for school purposes.
2. The Stiles' house of —, on Farm Street, formerly used as a rebel hospital, we have also secured for school purposes.
3. A large three-story brick building on the lot adjoining, for a hospital for freed men.

Among the bills of sale were found such as the following:—

COPY.

8400.00 dollars.

Augusta, Ga., Feb. 11th, 1864.

Received of D. B. Fisher, eight thousand four hundred dollars, being in full for the purchase of three negro slaves named John, Bobb, and Mary. The right and title of said slaves I warrant and defend against all persons whatsoever, and likewise warrant them sound and healthy to date.

As witness my hand and seal,

J. P. REILEY, (L.S.)

Indorsed,—For value received, I transfer the within bill to H. Bryan.

D. B. FISHER.

9900.00 dollars.

Augusta, Ga, Feb. 11th, 1864.

Received of D. B. Fisher, nine thousand nine hundred dollars, being in full for the purchase of three negro slaves named Angeline, Adeline, and Fannie, the right and title of said slaves I warrant and defend against the claims of all persons whatsoever, likewise warrant them sound and healthy to date.

As witness my hand and seal,

N. M. LEE, (L.S.)

Per R. S. DAWSON.

Indorsed,—For value received, I transfer to A. Bryan the within bill of sale.

D. B. FISHER.

These are, indeed, the palms of conquest. Such things as these affect us like the old secrets which came to view when the Bastile fell, and long buried despair found its voice. They are the memorials of hands that were wrenched asunder—parted forms of parents and children—husbands and wives, who were never to see each other again, but to go mourning on—

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice swamps dank and lone.

At the same time, the condition of these *chattels* was, as we find, and knew before, better in some states than in others. In Savannah, before the more inexorable regime of slavery commenced, many had purchased their freedom, and we are astonished to find in that city, five large coloured churches—four of them able to seat one thousand persons each—three with fine organs. “The first African Baptist church finished about “the time the war began, could not have cost less than eighteen “thousand dollars,” writes the correspondent. What an amazingly amusing thing that this creature of the inferior race, whose brain and back, bones, and feet, and hair, all proclaim him to be of monkey mould, should have an idea of religion, and salvation, and actually have the audacity to believe that he has a soul!

Who are these who are perishing, and require our help? who starve and shiver, shelterless in the cold storm? They are such as the following—the story of whom is told by Superintendent Comray, in a letter to Dr. Stephen Tyng:—

“I Inclose herewith a little ball of cotton raised on the plantation of Gen. Bragg, on Bayou Lafouche; it is in part result, the labour of an old Christian, who tells me he prayed sixty years to be free. He desired me to send it north to some follower of Jesus Christ, who loves the poor down-trodden sons of old Africa, as a token of the pure love

of the good Lord, who brought them by his Providence out of their worse than Egyptian bondage.

I express the idea of the old hero of the cross, but am not able to give you his language. I told the old gentleman that I would send it to a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I knew to be a true friend of the poor bondman. He was delighted at the idea. I thought of you, Dr. Tyng, and it is with pleasure that I send the token of the old man's thoughts, because I know how deeply you feel for these people."

It is admirable that by chaplains, schoolmasters and mistresses, missionaries, and teachers, efforts are made beneath the sanction of the American government, to educate and teach, and to give the arms of freedom to the emancipated people. Colonel Eaton, the government superintendent of the whole camp of the freedmen, who seems to be a patriot, philanthropist, and a strong, eloquent, common-sense man, says:—

The security of slavery required the ignorance of the slave, but it is known that the productiveness of labour increases with the intelligence of the labourer. The driver studied how to get the most labour and allow the least thinking; but instincts struggled for existence—the heart sought for the sunshine of the great motives under which the soul was created to act. Touching them only now and then, he felt, when sufficiently awakened, how unjust the exaction, and Slaves studied how to thwart the driver, produce as little as possible, and avoid what they disliked. Indifference, slow motion, heedlessness, waste, deceit, and pilfering became habits of the race. Some are amazed that this should be so with the devout. They forget that the piety taught the Negro allowed him no rights of property; consequently, Christianity, setting him outside all the relations of possession, had for him none of the laws of honesty. So, too, slaveholding Christianity allowed him no legal marriage, and as a consequence could apply to him none of the laws of chastity; and his licentiousness was natural.

"All this emancipation changes. Accomplished in a state of peace, gradually and by the action of the master, there would be less suffering. But the slaveocracy, overriding the better judgment of many in the South, forced events; and common-sense and interest, as well as Christian principle, prompt all to make the best of the consequences. The great social and civil wound inflicted by the rebellion can be healed only by sloughing off the evils of Slavery. Government and benevolence must throw in the restorative elements of intelligence, virtue and industry."

We have lying before us very pleasant illustrative instances of the avidity with which many are learning to read. We surely are not misinterpreting the interest our readers will be

disposed to take in such instances as the following. Chaplain Buckley writes—

NIGHT SCHOOL.

“ These night schools form one of the most interesting features of our whole work. At Norfolk, our teachers, in addition to their labours in the day schools, have under their instruction during four nights in the week, over 450 adults of both sexes, and among them many aged persons, all eager to obtain a knowledge of letters. Entering the large coloured church at Norfolk a few evenings since, we encountered an aged man, apparently of seventy years, awaiting his turn when the Superintendent could assign him to a class. He had in his hand a well-conned primer, perhaps the one used in the morning by his grand-child. We sat down by his side and began with him the labour of teaching him the letters. If our readers could have witnessed the mental struggle of this aged man, who had spent the strength of his manhood under the dark system of slavery, to grasp the lesson taught him, we are sure their hearts would be glad, and their liberality large in the support of the efforts of our noble and self-denying teachers, to break these mental shackles, far more painful to behold than even the servitude of the body. The beautiful humility of that aged father in Israel, *who only wished to read the Bible*, made us ashamed of our poor performances in their behalf. We thought as we passed away from the door, of the remaining ignorance and prejudice in the world, in high and in low places, against the giving of this light; the many stumbling blocks placed in the path of these oppressed ones; and we thought of the blessed Saviour’s words, ‘ Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe *in me*, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depth of the sea.’ ”

And again :—

AN ACHIEVEMENT WORTH RECORDING.

NATCHEZ, MISS., *December 7, 1864.*

MR. MARSH,

You requested the other evening that I would write for you a short account of the progress that Aunt Ann, one of our night scholars, is making in learning to read.

When a slave, she had been taught the letters by her mistress, but her master learning of it forbade it. Still she persevered, and could read in words of four or five letters in the spelling-book, when her master again finding it out, whipped her so severely that she never wanted to see a book again, and tried to forget all that she had learned, and if any one questioned her about reading, told them she did not know anything at all. When you found her, and asked her to come to night school, she was afraid to come at first; but you overcame her fears, and night found her in the schoolroom, one of the most eager scholars.

She had, indeed, forgotten all that she had learned when a slave, and again commenced with A B C. She made rapid progress, and in a month had read through Sanders's Primer four times, able to read every lesson easily, and spell every word in the book. I then put her into the Second Reader, and she reads two, and sometimes three lessons a night. Coming into our Sabbath-school last Sunday, she heard the little children repeat the commandments. And Monday morning she came up to my room, and handing me a Bible open at the 20th chapter of Exodus, said to me: "Miss Hattie, please to hear me read the ten commandments. I know I shall make mistakes, but don't you tell me a word till I get through." I heard her with surprise, and when she had finished, had only two corrections to make, two words she had not pronounced quite right. I then questioned her as to how she had learned to read them so well. She said, "Miss Hattie, for the first time in my life, I went to a Sunday-school yesterday, and I was so glad to be there. But it hurt me to see those four little boys stand up and say the ten commandments. To think that they could say by heart what I could not *read*; an old woman seventy-nine years old. You don't know how bad it hurt me. I couldn't keep the tears from coming, and I thought I could never come again. But then I said to myself, I will know them too. So I took my Bible, and went off into the woods where no one could hear me, and I picked them out afterward, and got to read them, and I is so proud that I can do it."

I am glad to add that now Aunt Ann has learned the commandments, and when next Sunday the question is asked, "Who can repeat them?" she will rise and say them, and win the promised Testament, and this after attending night school only six weeks. Yours with respect,

HATTIE C. DAGGETT.

Thus, in various ways, interest surely is excited for beings whose condition until lately seemed so helpless and hopeless. Of course, much has been done already in attempts to give them localization as paid freedmen and women. Thousands have been put into employment; some in military service as soldiers, cooks, laundresses, officers' servants, labourers in the various staff departments. We read of 41,150 appointed by Colonel Eaton thus. He tells us of 72,500 in cities, plantations, and freedmen's villages; 62,300 of these are entirely self-supporting, the same as any industrial class anywhere, planters, mechanics, barbers, hackmen, draymen; the remaining 10,200 receive subsistence from government. Efforts are being made to bring thousands of acres of cotton plantation under their cultivation; in this, government will attempt to help them; and for this purpose, we are sanguine enough to look forward to the negro with hope. We believe he has a work to do in the civilisation of the world. He needs captains and commanders; he needs, perhaps, frequently, advice put in rather a strong

manner, for he is a full-hearted and full-blooded child of nature, likely enough, like the rest of us, to go wrong ; but the world wants him, cannot do without him ; but we do not see, therefore, the necessity of following the advice of sage Captain Burton, and his school, for enslaving him. Put him rather to school ; place him beneath governors and teachers, and the creature will do gloriously well. We have often made our own friends laugh at us, and those who are not our friends sneer at us by what they choose to call our insane belief in the dark races. The Rev. Elnathan Davis, a name not unknown to some of our readers, writes :—

“ Having for many years past, at the West and elsewhere, studied the capabilities and prospects of the coloured race, I was prepared to witness much among the Freedmen that might encourage my faith in their sure and speedy elevation. So far from being disappointed in this respect, every day’s experience and observation on the ground, has deepened my conviction of the worth of the African race in our country, and of the exceeding hopefulness of the prospect now opening before it. * * No prophecy of ill-omen has been more persistently uttered in this country, for a third of a century, than that of the idleness of the slaves should they be immediately emancipated.

“ Now, many hundreds of thousands have been thus emancipated,—amidst war-scenes too, which are always unfavourable to improvement,—and with what industrial result? Will the Freed people work? The thousands of little cabins, with well-cultivated patches around them, that have suddenly appeared on fields utterly desolated by the march and conflict of armies, and the eagerness with which they are everywhere employed by individuals as well as by the Government, are a sufficient answer. All that I had accepted on testimony has been abundantly confirmed by the closest observations I have been able to make.

“ I have lived in log cabins, and roughed it in frontier settlements, but I never saw industry so patient, or courage in the building of houses so indomitable among white men, as I have everywhere witnessed in the Freedmen.”

And now we must close ; the movement is awake and alive, we believe, in earnestness, on both sides of the Atlantic. We are glad to see the venerable and illustrious William Cullen Bryant crowning the well-earned glory of his life by heartily moving with his fellow citizens in this noble cause, which surely realizes some bright dreams and hopes of a poet’s heart. To this country, Dr. Haynes, and his son, the Rev. S. Haynes, come as our invited deputation, to state facts, and stir feelings, which, we believe, do not need much rousing to form themselves into actions. They are accompanied by that glorious

man, a member of the Society of Friends, Levi Coffin, the creator and conductor of what has been technically known among anti-slavery circles, as the *Underground Railway*. To this great man has been given the honour, we believe, before emancipation was the work of the government, when it was attended with danger to freedom, and possibly to life, of securing the escape of nearly five thousand slaves. Those who have freedom will receive him with the shout of free souls, who prize their blessing, and would make it the heritage of others, who deserve it, but have it not. The principal thing needed seems to be clothing—all clothes will be found useful to aid in this work. Sewing circles are forming in different part of the country. We are glad to see Congregational Churches, both of the Baptist and Independent orders in Birmingham, in Brighton, and we have no doubt in many other places, are beginning the work. The work may be temporary, but still it must be expected to extend yet over several months. Our readers will not think this unreasonable, when it is remembered that it has not been possible to prepare, or to provide for this great exigency, which, glorious as we believe it will be in the result, is shaded at present by so many dark and calamitous aspects.

Whether our readers will go with the venerable Bryant, in the following extract, when he speaks of the war as "the holiest," and "most just," we shall not stop to inquire. We have no doubt, however, that he appropriately describes the work, when, in his speech, presiding at a great gathering for this purpose, at the Cooper Institute, at Boston, he says:—

We, my friends, who remain at home, have duties which we are bound to perform as faithfully, as punctually, as zealously, as those who expose their lives on the field of battle. What we do strikes at no life, inflicts no wound, but it is no less necessary to the cause which we all have at heart. It consists in works of charity and mercy. Our office is to mitigate and cure, to the extent of our ability, the sufferings and miseries which this holiest and most just of wars brings in its train. To this we are all solemnly bound as citizens of this republic, and though we have entered no recruiting office, and signed no paper, and taken no bounty, yet if we avoid this duty we are as base deserters as he who, having enlisted for the war, runs away from his regiment and skulks from detection and arrest in remote and obscure neighbourhoods.

To this duty of charity let us all address ourselves. Let us do our part in fighting the battle for the union, with the weapons of mercy. Let us so act as not to incur the reproach—I hope I shall not be thought to encroach in what I am about to say on the province of the reverend gentlemen whom I see here present—let us so act as not to incur the

reproach, as pathetic as severe, of Him who, in enforcing the duty of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and sheltering the shelterless, uttered the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

In a word, we also, in the language of the prophet, by clothing, and tools for industry, and by every means of mercy in our power to supply, are sending to "the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." We are sending "ambassadors by the sea," saying by our vessels, "Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation scattered and peeled, to a people terrible" (that is, by reason of their sorrows) "from the beginning hitherto, a nation meted out and trodden down, and whose land the rivers have spoiled;" for, is it not true also, "A present is brought unto the Lord of Hosts of a people scattered and peeled, and from a people terrible from their beginning hitherto, a nation meted out and trodden under foot, whose land the rivers have spoiled, to the place of the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Mount Zion?"

V.

DUBLIN AFTERNOON LECTURES ON LITERATURE
AND ART.*

PUBLIC lectures are now regarded as forming one of the most important irregular means for promoting education. The value set upon this agency is evinced by the extent to which public lecturing is carried on, and in the large audiences gathered together when any really able man is to discourse on a popular subject. An incompetent lecturer cannot be expected to draw, nor will an unpopular subject attract, even though it may be dealt with by an accomplished speaker; but if the subject be such as will appeal to the minds of people generally, and if the lecturer be both master of the topic and able to set it clearly and interestingly before the audience, the attendance is certain to be good. We are fully aware that it is asserted that the day for public lectures is past. This assertion is only true

* *The Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art.* Delivered in Dublin.
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in part ; and, instead of lamenting, we rejoice that it is so far true. It is true that people do not rush so indiscriminately in crowds, as formerly, to listen to lectures ; it is true that lectures are not now looked upon as fitted to supply the lack of education, or as intended to impart a thorough knowledge of any subject. No such unreasonable expectations are entertained as to the benefits to be derived from listening to popular lectures. But if such great things are not any longer expected, the good expected is much more likely to be realised. Popular lectures have their proper place and value assigned to them, as only supplementary and auxiliary to each one thinking and reading for himself. It is pretty well understood, that only to a limited extent can they make up for the loss sustained by those whose daily pursuits shut them out from the ordinary means of mental improvement.

Lectures supply a stimulus to thought, and, in as far as they do this, they are the means of accomplishing a great work. Whatever tends to promote the growth of mind is valuable, and should be highly esteemed. The irregular agencies in educating the mind, and developing the higher faculties of our nature, are far more important and valuable than men, in general, suppose. As one such agency, we think highly of public lectures. In them is presented a variety of subjects ; in them we are led, by competent teachers, into regions of knowledge and reflection, where we may never have gone before, or, we have familiar objects presented to us in a light in which we had not previously looked at them : and thus facts and principles received in the regular course of education, which had long been unfruitful, have been made to germinate, grow, and produce fruit.

We have been led to make these remarks by the "Preface" to the first of the two published volumes of *Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art*, delivered in Dublin, in the years 1863 and 1864. The origin of the "course" is as follows :— "In May, 1863, it occurred to the minds of a few lovers of literature, that a course of lectures might advantageously be organised, which should be accessible to many who, for various reasons, are debarred from the meetings in the Metropolitan Hall." Some of the conditions of the projected course of lectures were as follow :—They were to be given on important subjects connected with English literature, and by the best lecturers whose aid could be secured. It was considered essential that the new lectures should be delivered in some suitable building of unsectarian or neutral character, on the south side of the city, and at an hour when ladies could conveniently attend, and when the daily occupations of persons engaged in the law courts and

public offices should have ceased. The published lectures are of such a character as to make us wish that the delivery of "Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art" may not only become an established institution in Dublin, but in every large town throughout the United Kingdom. We trust that every series that may be got up in Dublin will sustain the very high reputation which has been gained by lectures already delivered. In reading these volumes, we were reminded of the deliverance of the "Shepherd" in "Noctes Ambrosianæ," when Christopher North had enumerated some of the then recently published works, written by Irishmen, "The Eerishers are marchin' in literature pawri pawshu wi' us and the Southrons." If the "Shepherd" had seen these lectures he would have said that the "Eerishers" are not merely "marchin' pawri pawshu," but that they are going a-head. We do not know of any two volumes of lectures on "Literature and Art" equal to the two sent us from Dublin. Ireland has made some of the most valuable contributions to English literature, but never has she added anything more beautiful or welcome than the *Afternoon Lectures*. Passing from the general to the particular we were disposed at first to find fault with the time selected for the delivery of the lectures. The afternoon, thought we, is not a time at all suited for listening to such productions as are contained in the volumes. We associate with the afternoon the feeling of drowsiness; the arm-chair and a nap are inseparably connected in our mind with the time when the Dublin people were met for the purpose of hearing very thoughtfully prepared essays; but then we remembered that the lectures were delivered not to the *δι πολλοι*, who dine about mid-day, but to the "upper ten," who enjoy their spread sometime from six to eight in the evening. For such people the afternoon is peculiarly adapted as the time for delivering lectures, and listening to them; the ladies then would be disengaged; the professional men would have disposed of the day's duties, and the professors and students in Trinity College would be released from the classroom. And, further, after relishing the intellectual treat, the members of the audience could retire to their dinner tables, there to discuss the merits of the lecturer and his subject. Far better entertainment this at the dinner table than canvassing the circumstances and doings of neighbours. If for no other reason, we should desire the continuance and general adoption of this plan of afternoon lectures. We are now of opinion that the choice of the afternoon was a very wise one. The subjects of the lectures in the first volume are "On the Influence of the National Character on English Literature;" "On the Classical

"and Romantic Schools of English Literature;" "On Shakspeare;" "On the English Drama;" "On the Life and Writings of John Foster;" "On the Ballad and Lyrical Poetry of Ireland." The topics of the second series are—"Opening Address," by Right Hon. Joseph Napier; "On Architecture;" "Two English Essayists;" "The Native Literature of India;" "German Literature at the Close of last Century and the commencement of the Present;" "Victor Hugo as a Poet;" "Chaucer." It will be seen from this enumeration that the lectures in the first volume are exclusively upon English literature; whereas those in the second volume include art as well as literature in general. It was found expedient to widen the range of topics after the delivery of the first series. The most noticeable lectures, in our opinion, are in the first volume, "On the Influence of the National Character on English Literature," by Rev. James Byrne; "On Classical and Romantic Schools of English Literature," by Mr. Rushton; "On Shakspeare," by Dr. Ingram; "On John Foster," by Rev. E. Whately. In the second series we would note Mr. Napier's "Opening Address;" "The Native Literature of India," by Captain Taylor; "Victor Hugo," by Rev. W. Alexander, Dean of Emly. We shall limit our remarks to the lectures by Mr. Byrne and Dr. Ingram.

Mr. Byrne's subject, "The Influence of the National Character on English Literature," is one very difficult of treatment, but highly interesting and important. It has been said that "language most shows a man." Ben Jonson meant by this, that language reveals the moral character. But we may safely extend the range of his meaning, and assert that language shows all the moral and mental characteristics of a people. Every word is the natural product of the race of whose speech it forms a part. And the national character is as clearly stamped upon the national literature as is the general current of a man's thought and feeling expressed in his face. Any one who can correctly survey the literature of a people may, from that alone, with great exactness, describe that people's national character. On the other hand, any one who is conversant with a people's national traits can, to a certainty, point out what are the features of their literature. We do not mean by this forming opinions and conclusions from certain words which may be current, but rather from the published writings in general circulation. Mr. Byrne has placed us in the most advantageous position for understanding and testing his theory. He might have taken literature in its widest sense; but he has wisely restricted his remarks to English literature. The only disadvan-

tage, which appears to us in this, arises from the difficulty of Englishmen distinguishing fully and rightly what are the features of their national character. As individuals, we do not know our tendencies anything like as well as others are acquainted with them. We are as nations, just as much as individuals, blind to our foibles and distinctive qualities. And so we need some judge of our characteristics in our literature, who can look on from the proper distance and angle of view. Mr. Byrne is, we suppose, an Irishman; so with his help, let us take a glance at the national character as it has been unconsciously drawn by our poets through some five hundred years. After remarking that the great mass of the English and Lowland Scotch are of a Germanic origin, the majority of the Irish, Welsh, and Highland Scotch of a Celtic origin, Mr. Byrne says—"In general, then, it may be stated that Germanic thought is slow, Celtic thought quick. Whence this difference has arisen, it is not possible to say with any degree of assurance. All that can be said is that the southern or tropical races of men think quickly, the northern slowly, and that it is probable that the character of the Celt was formed and fixed under southern influences, that of the German in the north of Europe. For it would appear from the earliest accounts which we have of the Celts, that they had brought with them from their original Asiatic abodes a matured national life, of which the German tribes, though sprung from the same original stock, were comparatively destitute. However this may be, the fact seems to be unquestionable that Germanic thought is slow, Celtic thought quick. I have said that the Irish people are principally Celts. The same may be said of the French. And whether we compare French or Irish thought with Germanic thought, we shall find that this is the most obvious and fundamental distinction between them. I may mention one indication of this which will also illustrate it. The Germanic nations accentuate their words strongly, the French hardly at all. Now the accentuation of the words indicates the strength of each separate thought, and this is proportional to the attention which is devoted to it. The Germanic nations, therefore, dwell on the separate thoughts which the words express; the French pass lightly and quickly over them. It may be observed also that the French accentuate, or at least dwell on the end of a sentence, or clause. The true Irish also pass quickly over the parts of a sentence, and dwell with an acuteness of voice on its conclusion, though with them this is obscured by the opposite principle of intonation, which is proper to the English language. This peculiarity arises from

the quickness of the Celt. He thinks the elements of a fact with quickness and facility, so that the attention devoted to the fact is less engrossed by the parts, and is rather expended, after the parts have been thought, in contemplating the whole. German thought is expended on the parts, by reason of its slowness in conceiving them, and it has less force left to contemplate the whole. We shall find that this exactly corresponds to one great characteristic difference between Germanic and Celtic literature, namely, that the former elaborates the parts more, but has less sense of general effect than the latter. But I mention it here merely as an indication of the slowness of Germanic thought and the quickness of Celtic. We must, however, take into account another quality of thought, before we can have a distinct idea of the character of mind from which our literature has sprung. Some minds prefer to occupy themselves with external things, the natural objects of sense about them; others take pleasure in musing on their own ideas. We will call the former *outer* minds, the latter *inner*; and it will be found important to observe this distinction in forming an estimate of national character. Among the Germanic nations, the Anglo-Saxon had an outer mind, the German has an inner. Among the Celtic nations, the French have an outer mind, the Irish an inner." These views are very interesting. The question occurs to us—Are they sound and consistent with fact? There are exceptions which may be taken to the broad assertions which Mr. Byrne has made in the foregoing extract. For one thing, it is not true that the Celtic races pass over their words lightly. The Welsh certainly accentuate their words strongly. Again, it is not true of the Welsh that they pass lightly and quickly over the separate thoughts. Mr. Byrne does not say that the Welsh have the tendencies of the Celts, but he cites the French and Irish to illustrate the statement that "Celtic thought is quick." It is to this broad assertion that we object. It cannot be said of the Welsh as a people that they think quickly. We should say that they are slow thinkers. Restricted to the French and Irish, Mr. Byrne's view is unquestionably correct; extended to other members of the Celtic family, the theory breaks down.

In answer to the question, "What are the general features of English genius?" Mr. Byrne replies, "In the first place, I would say that English genius is characterized by strong and distinct conception of detail. There is no literature in the world which shows such a sense of character as that which has issued from the English mind, none in which all the minute traits and many sides of individual man are photographed with

such life and truth. Nor is this distinctness of delineation confined to man. Nature, too, is pictured with similar accuracy and vividness. This distinct conception of detail reveals a slow and careful habit of mind. It corresponds to that distinct accentuation of each word, which I have already noticed as distinguishing Germanic from Celtic speech. It corresponds also to the careful and truthful elaboration of details which distinguishes the early German schools of painting. The mental character revealed in these cases is the same, namely, that which does not readily pass from one object to another, but devotes more time to each, and accomplishes its processes slowly. Thought, which thus dwells on its object, goes beneath the surface, and hence arises much of that vividness with which English genius portrays man and nature. There is much more in it than mere accuracy. In every trait there is character, or sentiment, or passion, and it is the force and truthfulness of these subjacent spiritual elements, in which English excellence consists. In its strong and distinct conception of detail, the English mind mingles feeling with the object on which it dwells in thought; but, as it thus spiritualises nature, it still keeps close to nature. A slow and inner mind, as it dwelt on the object, would, by the feelings which the object called forth, be led away from it into musings of its own, which would impair the distinctness of the impression; but the English mind is slow and outer. The object is paramount in its attention, the feeling is thus kept true and made definite, so as to animate the object with poetic life, without either distorting its form or reducing its substantial reality to a mere abstraction."

"Hence," we are told, is "the peculiar force and richness of English imagination;" and, "hence also arises another prominent feature of English genius—its humour." Before proceeding to illustrate these very acute and just remarks, Mr. Byrne explains how a large portion of English literature does not answer to this description. His words are of great weight:—"There was, indeed, a long period during which French genius dominated over English. When the Restoration brought with it a sceptical contempt for every form of deep thought and feeling, and the glory and splendour of Louis XVI. captivated the imagination of Europe, then it was inevitable that French taste should rule in England. But it seems strange that the influence should have lasted so long. In Johnson's time, indeed, French influence was very much on the wane. But still, from Dryden to Cowper and Burns, taste was wonderfully uniform, and the character of English genius wonderfully different from what it had been before, or has been since. It

was due, probably, to the reaction against the Commonwealth and the Puritans, which continued to involve, as it did at the Restoration, a dislike for deep thought and earnest feeling of every kind." The English authors brought forward by Mr. Byrne as "representative men" to confirm his theory are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, of the pre-Restoration period. In Milton he finds an exception:—"In Milton, on the contrary, there is a striking absence of English characteristics. There is no elaboration of details, no deficiency of general effect. His characters, indeed, are admirably drawn, and his descriptions shine with the light of genius; but we are struck rather with the poetry and truthfulness of the whole, than with the life and fidelity of the particular touches. He had, in common with all the born kings of human thought, the divine gifts, by which they hold their universal and eternal dominion over the soul of man; but in him those gifts were specialized not as national but as individual. There was always something in Milton, or in his circumstances, which separated him from his fellows. Rusticated and flogged at college; in after years deserted by his wife; later still,

Fallen on evil days and evil tongues,
And with darkness and with danger compass'd round—

His genius grew alone; and it was natural that, affected by present influences only of a hostile kind, it should assume that severe strength and awful sublimity which distinguished him, and should choose a subject which would lead his spirit forth in solitary grandeur to regions where human footsteps never trod, to see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight!"

Coming down from the early to the English poetry of the present time, Mr. Byrne adduces Wordsworth and Tennyson as possessing and illustrating the national traits. In the writings of both is evinced an aversion to conventionalities and generalities, a deep love for nature and faithfulness to nature.

The lecturer then considers, "in the same point of view, the most prominent features of the contributions made to our literature by Scotland and Ireland." "Scotch thought is somewhat more forcible and more inner than English thought. The difference between them, however, is not so great, but that Scotch thought might harmonize with, and nurture by its sympathy, a genius whose individual tendencies were strictly English in their nature." This is seen in Thomson. His genius drew its inspiration from the faithful love of nature,

which characterizes English literature. Thomson did not catch the tone of wit and frivolity which prevailed in England, in consequence of French influence, and yet he caught so much of the English spirit as to embody in his writings those features which really belong to English writers of all time, saving the exceptional period in which he lived. "Soon after Thomson's time, Scotch genius assumed more distinctly its own proper forms" in the productions of Robertson, Hume, Smith, and Reid. But Burns, of all the sons of Scotland, "was the most gifted with the sacred fire of poetry, and was possessed in the largest measure of the sense and shrewdness, which reveal the strong deliberate thought, which gives to Scotchmen, in general, their characteristic soundness of judgment." It was this quality "refined and sublimed as in a superior nature," which gave Burns such advantage in discerning for himself "the facts of man and nature, so that when he came into the society of some of the greatest and most cultivated men of his time, he exchanged his thoughts with theirs with a perfect freedom from embarrassment or affectation. It was this same quality which gave such truth to his ideas, bringing his spirit into actual contact with the reality of things, instead of being satisfied with the reflections of them in the conventionalities and generalities of literature."

We must not quote the whole of the very original and beautiful criticism on Burns. It brings out clearly those features in his nature, which gave him such prominence as a lyric poet.

Mr. Byrne, in passing from Scotch to Irish genius, remarks, that "we find ourselves in quite a different province of human thought. Yet, the difference is not so great as that which exists between English and Irish thought. Irish thought is the exact opposite of English; the English mind being slow and outer, the Irish quick and inner." The Irish writers adduced are Burke, in whom is seen the capacity of his countrymen for comprehensive speculation and eloquence; Berkeley, who illustrates the acute speculative genius of the Irish; Swift, in whom is displayed the wit and fancy, which are so peculiarly characteristic of the quick light movements of the Irish mind; Goldsmith, whose inner sentiment may almost be said to preponderate over the outer perception, and thus manifests the inner quality of the national thought. Mr. Byrne does not hide the defects of Irish genius. Like a true Irishman, he is not only emphatic in his praises, but candid in his confessions. "Because Irish thought is quick, it is liable to be superficial; because it is quick and inner, it is liable to be incorrect.

From this cause, too, our oratory is liable to start aside from its proper purpose, and to indulge in flights of its own, in which that purpose is forgotten, and its language and ideas cease to be exactly suited to the very object which it is treating." We have written enough by way of extract, and in commendation, to induce every reader of the *Eclectic* to ponder over the Lecture for himself. The views propounded are deserving the thoughtful consideration of all who love English literature, or feel an interest in the different peoples who compose the United Kingdom. And, further, the Lecture is written in such style as must identify Mr. Byrne with the race who are speculative in their tendencies, and who can clothe their speculations with colour and warmth, which constitute true eloquence.

The only other lecture which our space will permit us to refer to, is that by Dr. Ingram, "On Shakspeare." Taking, as his key-note, the remarks of Professor Craik, that the works of Shakspeare "still remain to be studied in their totality with a special reference to Shakspeare himself.—The man Shakspeare, as read in his works—Shakspeare as there revealed, not only in his genius and intellectual powers, but in his character, disposition, temper, opinions, tastes, prejudices, is a book yet to be written":—Dr. Ingram endeavours "to throw some light, 1st., on the development of Shakspeare's genius in the progress of his poetic career; and, 2ndly, on a few of the leading features of his mental and moral nature, his turn of thought, and his general views of life, as they are more or less distinctly revealed to us in his works." We shall restrict ourselves to the second object aimed at by Dr. Ingram. He very rightly remarks that the dramatic form of the plays makes it difficult to discover in them any revelation of Shakspeare's self. He then turns to the Sonnets, "because we hear in them the voice of the poet, uttering, in his own person, his thoughts and emotions—they form a sort of diary of Shakspeare's inner life, in which, from time to time, he recorded the most intimate feelings of his heart." This view is not Dr. Ingram's own. It was broached, and very fully expounded, many years ago, in a work published (we believe) by Bohn, with the title, *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems: being his Sonnets*. The lecturer makes no reference to this volume, nor to an able article in the *Westminster* (the date of which we cannot recall), on the same subject. Perhaps Dr. Ingram did not know of either the volume or the article. The view which he takes of the Sonnets is, in our opinion, correct. If correct, it gives a wonderful significance and value to that portion of Shakspeare's writings, whose high claims have only been, in any degree, acknowledged since Wordsworth pronounced

such an emphatic and high opinion of them. The Sonnets form a mirror, in which the poet gives us to see himself—many of his circumstances—his thoughts, feelings, and purposes. He faithfully reveals his defects of character, his vices; he tells us of pledges broken, duties neglected, of his pride and vanity. The Sonnets have been called “Confessions, such as a great heart only dare reveal; confessions such as men make on bended knee in the privacy of their thoughts; confessions such as they think but One beside themselves can hear.” We have two faults to point out in Dr. Ingram’s lecture; the first is, that too much is attempted in it. Either of the two topics dealt with would have furnished far more than sufficient material for an afternoon’s discourse to the educated people of Dublin. The second fault is consequent upon the first; it is that the *inner* life of Shakspeare is not made known, as it might be, by aid of the Sonnets. We are only given to see a few of the outlines of his character. We need to have set before us something more than these general features, for they are only the outer court of the soul; we wish to be led into the inner sanctuary. And this might have been done. The Sonnets are sufficient for the purpose. They reveal the struggles, the agonies, the doubts, fears, and temptations of the great soul of Shakspeare. We must now leave these two volumes of charming Lectures, to be read and re-read, as we are sure they will be, by every one capable of appreciating acute, genial, eloquent criticism and speculation. We shall place the *Dublin Afternoon Lectures* among those choice volumes which occupy a place of honour in our heart, and among our books.

VI.

HAUNTED LONDON.*

THIS is a very handsome volume—a sort of ideal book for a drawing-room table, provoking to chit-chat upon its multifarious memories, scenes, and topics. Mr. Fairholt's illustrations have a delightful freshness, a Canaletic-like distinctness and reality in their architecture. They possess the truth of a photograph, without its hardness; but they all carry us back to days long before men took pictures, either of streets or of each other, by the pencils of the sunlight. They are engravings which compel the looker-on to surrender himself to them, and without colour have the pleasing variety and effect of colour—in a word, they are historical, and the artist has done his best to give vividly to the eye the scenes Mr. Thornbury has used his words to convey to that more abstract and remote theatre of the imagination, the mind. We have long wished that some one would give to us a domestic history of London, something after the manner of that which Robert Chambers has so entertainingly done for Scotland. A more fruitful and pleasant, and even, notwithstanding the many histories of London, a more fresh topic we cannot well imagine for literary treatment. The region in which Mr. Thornbury meets with his ghosts and haunted houses is certainly attractive and historical, yet it is limited; it comprises Temple Bar, the Strand, Somerset House, Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane, Long Acre, St. Giles's, and Lincoln's Inn Fields—haunted ground, but manifestly far from being the only haunted ground of London. The volume is desultory, it is a sort of *index rerum* of the spots to which it refers. Mr. Thornbury attempts no writing himself; he says:—

When pavours dig deep under the Strand they find the fossil remains of antediluvian monsters—of lizards almost as large as whales, and of toads that would each fill a waggon. A church in the street bears a name that carries us back to the times of the Saxons and the Danes. In one lane there is a Roman bath, in another there are the nodding gable-ends of houses at which Beaumont and Fletcher may have looked, and, indeed, Shakspeare and Ben Jonson have visited. So the Present

* *Haunted London.* By Walter Thornbury. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. Hurst & Blackett.

is built out of the Past. The Strand teems with associations of every period of history. The story of St. Giles's parish should embrace the whole records of London vagrancy. The chronicle of Lincoln's Inn Fields embraces reminiscences of half our great lawyers. In the chapter on St. Martin's-lane I have been glad to note down some interesting incidents in the careers of many of our greatest painters. Long-acre leads us to Dryden, Cromwell, Wilson, and Stothard. At Charing Cross we have stopped to see how brave men can die for a good cause.

A thorough history of our great city, considered in every aspect, would almost be a condensed history of the world. I only offer these pages to my readers as a humble contribution to the history of London.

Our commercial wealth and the vastness of our maritime enterprise is shown in nothing more than by the distance from which we fetch our commonest articles of consumption—tea from China, sugar from the West Indies, coffee from Ceylon, oil from the furthest nooks of Italy, chocolate from Mexico. An Englishman need not be very rich in order to consume samples of all these productions of different hemispheres at a single meal.

In the same manner many books of far-divided ages have gone to form the patchwork of the present volume; I am like the merchant who sends his ships to collect in different harbours, and across wide and adverse seas, the materials that he needs. In this busy and overworked age there are many persons who have no time themselves to make such voyages, no patience to traverse such seas, even if they possessed the charts; it is for them I have written, and it is from them I hope for some kind approval.

It is, what he calls it, "a patchwork volume." We do not say this to depreciate its value, or to detract from its merits. Something might have been gained, we think, by another arrangement of material, and by the extension of his walks to many districts untrodden in the pages of this book. The wealth of the volume would have been enhanced, too, by reference to, and quotations from the old dramatists, and preachers, and poets, whose pages abound with such descriptions of a London which has passed altogether away from our knowledge, and which are now our best historians of social manners, scenes, and usages. We are never disposed to act the mere censor on books which are, in their own way, admirably done, and which have given us pleasure. Mr. Thornbury, however, has not the passion of the Londoner; few persons have it who have travelled much into other scenes; yet Samuel Rogers possessed it. That passion is expressed in the line he quotes from *Table Talk*:—"The streets to me are peopled with shadows—the city is as a city of the dead:" a passion like that of Charles Lamb, so humorously, but with such infinite pathos, expressed:—

I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet-street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet-street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old-book stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

A passion like that of old Samuel Johnson—"By seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can show. When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford, and it is the fountain of intelligence and pleasure." These men, especially the last two, saw little else than the circle of streets described by our author; for them, all life, with its tragedies and comedies, was crowded there. They passed their brave, noble lives necessarily there, without the possibility of absence or recreation; and the plain wife, London, became to each of them a far more darling object of attraction and tenderness, than the gay and flaunting cities they could only see in imagination, but where they never shed their tears nor spent their laughter, and whose flaunting hilarities were quite separated from their daily interests and cares. It is possible that London may be loved now as much as it has been by men like these. The old city grows upon the affections of those who daily tread its streets. But we love the houses in which we make our fireside, eat our suppers, and go to bed; and so the life of suburban villas has destroyed much of the possibility of that affection our fathers felt when the shop and the home were in the same house, and even the mighty merchant packed away his family and his merchandize beneath the same roof. And every effort like that of this book comes in good time, if it make its appearance now, for where and what is London? Rapidly all the old houses are disappearing, and the poor, scared old ghosts are trooping off in flocks and shoals to the regions of indistinguishable shade. We often exercise our

imagination as we walk along, in the attempt to conceive what that venerable building is, a railway company would not bid for, pull down, or turn into the site of a terminus. Science, which has banished so many ghosts, seems determined to banish all that might look ghostly, fantastic, or historical, in London. We will not say we like to see the handsome roads and busy streets crossed, and vast stacks of building torn down to make a way for that wonderful young upstart and prodigal who is always getting ready for "taking his journey into a far country"—the train. We will not say we like it, but we have no doubt that there is a will in the times wiser than we are, and unquestionably it is far better we should get rid of our incubus of old civic nuisance, in the way either of house or inhabitant, by the forcible arm of the rail, than that either one or the other should be decimated by fire or fever. The railways of London seem certainly an improvement upon the Fire and the Plague; they answer the same purpose in destruction, while they are also the vast Titanic builders of the city and the age. Very soon, however, they will have no spot which may be called "haunted London." Some spots remain; he who looks after them may turn still into many a sequestered little square, with its old church and dead of immemorial ages; there are many little courts and lanes still left which have not become quite disgusting or unsightly, down which great men quietly paced, and in some of whose houses they wrote, and thought, and wept, and laughed, and lived. Thus, our author says:—

Two minutes' walk down a turning on the south side of the Strand, and we are in the precinct of an old palace, and actually standing on royal property.

In a ramble by moonlight one cannot fail to meet under the churchyard trees in the Savoy, John of Gaunt, who once lived there; John, King of France, who died there; George Wither, the poet, who is buried there, sweet Mistress Anne Killigrew, who is inurned there, and Chaucer, who was married there.

Down that steep, dray-traversed street, now so dull and lonely, kings and bishops, knights and ladies, have paced, and mobs have hurried with sword and fire. Now it is a congeries of pickle warehouses, printing offices, and glass manufactories.

* * * * *

It was in the chapel of this river-side palace (about 1360, Edward III.) that our great poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, married Philippa, daughter of a knight of Hainault and sister to a mistress of the Duke's. He mentions his marriage in his poem of "The Dream."

He says harmoniously—

" On the morrow,
 When every thought and every sorrow
 Dislodged was out of mine heart,
 With every woe and every smart,
 Unto a tent prince and princess
 Methought brought me and my mistress.

With ladies, knighten, and squiers,
 And a great host of ministers,
 Which tent was *church parochial*."

Those marriage bells have long since rung, that incense smoke has long since risen to heaven, yet we seldom pass the Savoy without thinking how centuries ago the poet and his fair Philippa went to—

" Holy church's ordinance,
 And after that to dine and dance,
 and divers plays."

It was to his great patron—time-honoured Lancaster, claimant through his wife of the throne of Castile—that Chaucer owed all his court favours, his Genoese embassy, his daily pitcher of wine, his wardship, his controllership, and his annuity of twenty marks. It was in this palace he must have imbibed his attachment to Wickliffe, and his hatred of all proud and hypocritical priests.

Hints like these reveal the pleasant value of this book, and will enable the reader to find out many another such a spot, and to identify traditions with walls which seem plain enough, until re-peopled from the past. Imagination, which is always the collection, and photography, and generalization of many facts, has been the best historian of London. We are somewhat disappointed that our author has not more lovingly put his finger upon the many pages in which the masters of English fiction, and some of the later masters, have happily individualized scenes. How charmingly old Fleet-street rises to the eye in the pages of *The Fortunes of Nigel*, with its citizens and their dames, and those wild wights their apprentices. Quaint old street, with its queer, yet princely-looking old gables and galleries, and mullioned windows; its shops, with the ringing cry from Master Jenkyn Vincent, and his set, "What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?" in the day time, and its cosy and pleasant assemblages of gossips, sitting before the doors, in the evening. We seldom think of the London of that period, or, indeed, of a much later period than that, without being haunted by visions of pleasant green fields, and brooks, and sweet hawthorne-berried woodlands, stretching sweetly over the spots, where now rise monotonous piles of weary warehouses and ranges of dingy and fever-filled streets. Thus, we walk along

the pleasant Strand, by the banks of the sweet untroubled river to the little village of Charing, in spite of our author's doubtful protest, where now the glories of Trafalgar Square, with the splash and play of the musical fountains, call to rural and pensive meditations; we are able to see the monumental cross, to follow the pleasant path of St. Martin's Lane, and passing its old church tower, soon to be away into the heart of the country, or, turning to the left, crossing a pleasant old field path, to find ourselves in the green and flowery neighbourhood of the Haymarket. Mr. Thornbury says—

The cluster of houses at Charing acquired the name of Cross from the monument set up by Edward I. to the memory of his gentle, pious, and brave wife Eleanor, the sister of Alphonso, King of Castille. This good woman was the daughter of Ferdinand III., and after the death of her mother, heiress of Ponthieu. She bore to her fond husband four sons and eleven daughters, of whom only three are supposed to have survived their father.

Queen Eleanor died at Hardley, near Lincoln, in 1290. The king followed the funeral to Westminster, and afterwards erected a cross to his wife's memory at every place where the corpse rested for the night. In the circular which the king sent on the occasion to his prelates and nobles, he trusts that prayers may be offered for her soul at these crosses, so that any stains not purged from her, either from forgetfulness or other causes, may through the plenitude of the Divine grace be removed.

It was Eleanor who, when Edward was stabbed at Acre, by an emissary of the Emir of Joppa, according to a Spanish historian, sucked the poison from the wounds at the risk of her own life.

This warlike king, who subdued Wales and Scotland, who expelled the Jews from England, who hunted Bruce, hanged Wallace, and who finally died on his march to crush Scotland, had a deep affection for his wife, and strove by all that art could do to preserve her memory.

Charing Cross was long supposed to have been built from the designs of Pietro Cavallini, a contemporary of Giotto. He is said to have assisted that painter in the great mosaic picture over the chief entrance of St. Peter's. Cavallini was born in 1279, and died in 1364. The monument to Henry III. at the Abbey, and the old paintings round the chapel of St. Edward are also attributed to this patriarch of art by Vertue.

Queen Eleanor had three tombs—one in Lincoln Cathedral, over her viscera; another in the church of the Blackfriars in London, over her heart; a third in Westminster Abbey, over her body. The first was destroyed by the Parliamentarians; the second probably perished at the dissolution of the monasteries; the third has escaped. It is a valuable example of the thirteenth century beau-ideal. The tomb was the work of William Torel, a London goldsmith. The statue is not a portrait statue any more than the statue of Henry III. (which is by the same

artist). Torel seems to have received for his whole work about £1,700 of our money.

In old documents still preserved there are items for the myrrh and frankincense, and what is more remarkable, for the *barley* used for preserving the body.

Every part of London presents to the fancy at its will such scenes as these. Perhaps the neighbourhood which best furnishes such illustrations is that whose entire absorption and amalgamation with London has been the most recent—the pleasant little village of Islington! Three hundred years ago, there was no spot to which the honest London citizen, with so much pleasure, conveyed his wife and daughter for a pleasant evening walk, when the shop was closed, as this beautiful and retired village! London was surrounded by pleasant villages; but Stratford was too far off, the roads to Paddington were very bad, and not very respectable, and Bermondsey and Ratchiff were only pretty little fishing villages. It seems strange now to talk of the shady walk of two miles to that pleasant hill, where the citizen was able to quaff his tankard of ale while he sat and looked over the cornfields of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and Essex; or he would stop on the way, and gaze with the crowds on the “pastime grounds of old Cockaigne,” in days before the long bow had gone out of use, and when the archery ground in the pleasant Moorfields, or Finsbury, was the resort of all the London ‘prentices, in connection with which were some target grounds and practices. We pick up from an old volume such an incident as the following legend from the old archery grounds of Islington:—

“Alice Owen was born at Islington in the reign of Queen Mary; her first husband was Henry Robinson, Citizen and Brewer of London, her second husband was William Elkin of London, Alderman, her third and last husband was Sir Thomas Owen, one of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth’s Justices of the Court of Common Pleas; lived and died in Bassishaw, made her will the 10th of June 1613; died the 26th of Nov. in the reign of King James I., was buried 1613, in the E. corner of St. Mary Islington Church, where there is a curious monument erected to her memory.

“In the reign of Queen Mary it was an exercise for archers to shoot with their bows and arrows at butts; this part of Islington at that time being all open fields and pasture land; and on the same spot of ground where the school now stands, was a woman milking a cow. The Lady Owen, then a maiden gentlewoman, walking by with her maid servant, observed the woman a milking, and had a mind to try the cow’s paps, whether she could milk, which she did, and at her withdrawing from the cow, an arrow was shot through the crown of her hat (at which

time high crowned hats were in fashion) which so startled her that she then declared, that if she lived to be a Lady she would erect something on that very spot of ground, in commemoration of the great mercy shewn by the Almighty in that astonishing deliverance. This passed on till she became a widow lady; her servant at the time this accident happened, being still living with her Lady, reminded her Lady of her former words; her answer was, she remembered the affair, and would fulfil her promise; upon which she purchased the land from the *Welch Harp* to the *Turk's Head*, Islington road, and built thereon, as appears with the arrows fixed on the top."

The school is for the education of 30 boys of the parishes of Islington and Clerkenwell. The ten almshouses which join the school are for so many widows of the same parishes, who receive each a yearly allowance with a chaldron and a half of coals. The boys are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and have books, &c. found them. The plot of ground, a part of which is occupied by the school and almshouses, together with a farm at Orset, in Essex, forms the endowment of these charities. The property is progressively improving, the ground contiguous to the school having been covered by a handsome row of houses called "*Hermitage-place*." According to Stow's Survey, p. 111, the expense of purchasing the land, and building the school, almshouses, &c., amounted to £1776. The story of the arrow is there related, with some variation from the above, and from the list annexed, of Mrs. Owen's benefactions, it appears that she gave "to Christ's Hospital in London three score pounds, to the end that twelve pence a-piece weekly might be given to certain poor people of Islington."

Stories like these are traditions which give a haunted character to spots, even when the fields have become streets, and the trees houses.

Such scenes start instantly to the eye when we think of "haunted London." It is but yesterday since Canonbury was just such a place of fields and pleasant wooded retreating nooks. In its recent absorption we seem to understand better how the old individuality of other parts of London has passed away, which yet retain something of their old character in a name altogether unidentifiable with what they are. This would be our pleasant exercise did we assay a work like Mr. Thornbury's. The ghosts of green fields are very dear to us; pleasant it is to think of the old Priory of Bernersbury (Barnsbury), that wealthy monastic retreat; pleasant it is to think of the throng of citizens, trooping out to the pure, beautiful, refreshing waters of Chadswell; or those more minded for the refreshment of merriment, trooping away to D'Aubigne's place. Present dwellers in Islington will perhaps recognise it by its much more vernacular appellation of Dobney's Place. So words become absorbed too: a hundred and fifty years ago this was a kind of

Cremorne, or Rosherville gardens, with bowling green, ponds, and every appurtenance of pleasure ; but the greater number of citizens pressed along to the more favourite haunt of White Conduit House. This was the spot to which decent citizens and their wives hastened away to drink tea, at the rather extravagant, expensive, and luxurious rate of sixpence a head. We are afraid that our fathers were not better Sabbath observers than ourselves, if we may trust a graphic old poem, published in 1760, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, giving a vivid picture of the old house in its best day :—

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

“And to White Conduit House
We will go, will go, will go.”

Grub-street Register.

“Wish'd Sunday's come—mirth brightens every face,
And paints the rose upon the housemaid's cheek,
Harriott, or Moll more ruddy.—Now the heart
Of 'Prentice, resident in ample street,
Or alley, kennel-wash'd ; Cheapside, Cornhill,
Or Cranbourne, thee for calcumens renowned,
With joy distends—his meal meridian o'er,
With switch in hand, he to the *White Conduit House*
Hies merry-hearted.—Human beings here,
In couples multitudinous, assemble,
Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod
Fair *Islingtonian* plains.—Male after male,
Dog after dog succeeding—husbands, wives,
Fathers, and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends,
And pretty little boys and girls—around,
Across the garden's shrubby maze
They walk, they sit, they stand.—What crowds press on
Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch
First vacant bench, or chair, in long room plac'd !
Here prig with prig holds conference polite,
And indiscriminate the gaudy beau
And sloven mix.—Here, he who all the week
Took bearded mortals by the nose, or sat
Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,
And eke the sturdy youth, whose trade it is
Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat
And silken stocking strut.—The red-armed belle
Here shows her tasty gown, proud to be thought
The butterfly of fashion : and, forsooth,
Her haughty mistress deigns for once to tread
The same unhallow'd floor.—'Tis hurry all,
And rattling cups and saucers.—Waiter here,
And waiter there, and waiter here and there
At once is call'd, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe ;
Joe on the right, and Joe upon the left,
For every vocal pipe re-echoes Joe !

Alas! poor Joe! like Francis in the play,
He stands confounded, anxious how to please
The many-headed throng. But should I paint
The language, humours, customs of the place,
Together with all curtseys, lowly bows,
And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page
Beyond its limits due.—Suffice it then
For my prophetic Muse to sing, 'So long
As Fashion rides upon the wing of Time,
While tea and cream, and butter'd rolls can please,
While rival beaux and jealous belles exist,
So long, *White Conduit House*, shall be thy fame.' "

Our readers will understand why we quote such things; it is in such old world paintings and descriptions we seem to enter a gallery, like that we find in an old house, from whose pictures and panels, by the moonlight, the old forms of ruffed, wigged, or farthingaled ancestors step forth—

As seem in their dimness about to come down
From the shadowy hall where their images frown,
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts of the tapestry come and go.

These are delectable ghost walks Mr. Thornbury has not moved in. He will, perhaps, say, "Had I followed my bent 'through all the districts and suburbs of London, I must have 'made a much larger volume than my present, bulky as it is.'" And this is true; but the region he has haunted seems to us to derive its completeness from visits to spots remaining unvisited. After all, the Strand, and the Savoy, Charing Cross, and Fleet Street, are made more distinct by the life of the same period in the city—Fleet Street, the Chepe, and Cornhill. And to know a vast city well, we must see the relief of its suburbs, especially when, in the course of ages, those suburbs have ceased to be suburbs, and become parts of itself, like the rambling chambers of old houses which stand now on spots once given to the garden and the conservatory. Thus the part of London which Mr. Thornbury has described, is closely related to the Tower of London, about which he says nothing, but which surely is a haunted spot. He has not followed the course of the silent highway—as we should have supposed so romantic a river would have compelled him to do—where London's martyrs should receive a word of grateful acknowledgment from our writer. They always receive it; but we wonder that he has been able to repress the fascinations of that great prison, and to escape from being borne along by the washing waters through the traitor's gate, opening through so many ages to receive despairing, broken-hearted beauty, genius, bravery, heroism, and, it seems to us, less frequently conspiracy

and crime. Those four towers now rising from out of the forests of shipping, looking sternly down upon the dirty waters which flow past, seem to rise like some forgotten great man left behind by the hurry of youth and new events. How spectral they look, with all the memories they awaken, through the mists of the night, above the red flare of the barges. How could Mr. Thornbury withstand the beckoning of such a ghost, with its stories of vaults and chambers, its place of the scaffold, tower-green, and chapel, and All Hallow's Church?

From the haunted Tower it might be a very natural transition to the haunted Thames. Mr. Thornbury has not found himself compelled to a pilgrimage with its phantom-barges and watermen, else the waters of the old river soon become alive with exciting scenes—the stir and tumult of many and various processions, the life of many coloured pennons, and royal and civic barges, and the transit of victims from the palace to the prison, and the flight down the river of concealed offenders or abdicating kings hastening into exile. But London is haunted by a phantom river, a very lovely river, too, once, now seen no more. Stows, old River of Wells; the Flete, a wide and rapid stream, taking its rise from the springs bursting from the wooded ravines dividing Highgate and Hampstead—it was augmented by the overflowing of the silvery springs trickling down the wooded height, flowing through primeval forest, and the grassy slope of the Old Bourn—the River of Wells passed by Kentish Town, old St. Pancras' Church, Battle Bridge—so named from the great battle fought by Alfred against the Danes—thence by the Clerken Well, St. Clement's Well, and the Holy Well: the vision of this old and vanished stream carries the memory back beyond the times chronicled in *Haunted London*. But very early the primeval stream lost its freshness and its purity. In 1290, the Prior and the brethren of the Whitefriars had occasion to complain to the King and Parliament of the putrid exhalations arising from the Fleet river, the River of Wells;—they were so powerful as to overcome all the frankincense burnt at their altars during divine service, and to occasion the death of many of their brethren. This has all now passed entirely from every possibility of memory; the city in its march has absorbed and destroyed the river; perhaps it may at last divert or absorb the very Thames itself. It was the old Fleet which made that wide tract of fen—which, therefore, became *Fensbury*—Finsbury; where now is found another haunted spot, called by Southey the Campo Santo of the Dissenters, where De Foe, and Bunyan, and Watts, and Thomas Goodwin, and John Owen, and William Jenkyn, and the mother of

the Wesleys lie. It will surely not be possible that this sacred spot can ever be yielded to the ravages of the despoiler to whom no spot is venerable and no dust sacred. But we seem to have wandered far away beyond the circle prescribed by Mr Thornbury's book, which is surely not unnatural, since haunted London suggests many a spot where we may meet with throngs of historic ghosts, persons, and buildings, and events beyond those mentioned by our author; nor can we conceive a much more pleasant task, in a general way, to lighten and relieve more serious duties, than to walk among the streets which now are, and rebuild those which have been. We must, once more, express our feeling that the book needs more classification: things and times drive promiscuously and closely upon each other's heels; while we cannot too warmly commend the undorned and simple manner in which the author deals with most of the matters he recites. The reader is left very much to be his own poet. The volume is a collection of instances very delightful to the memory to refer to, and if a large proportion is known already to him, the grouping and gathering into one comprehensive volume perhaps furnishes the most entertaining book given to us, as yet, upon this large theme.

VII.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

ENCOURAGED by his previous volume, which we noticed in warm words of approval, the writer gives to us *The Old City, and its Highways and Byeways. Sketches of curious customs, characters, incidents, scenes, and events, illustrative of London life in olden times. By Aleph, author of London Scenes and London People.*—(W. H. Collingridge).—In our notice of "London Scenes," we expressed a hope that the author might be induced to give to us more of his impressions and memories, his rambles among old houses and streets. We think the interest of this volume equals that of the last. The little pieces of engraving have, to us, a most transferring power; perhaps their value would have been increased had the old pictures, from which they are evidently copied, been mentioned; but several of them do certainly very much aid the letterpress in setting before the reader London in the olden time. Judging from the author's

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language, he seems to be a man now far down in the valley of years, who has spent his life in London streets, and loves them as Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb did. To be appreciated, the reader of the book must have London sympathies and recollections too; a liking for old courts, and alleys, and buildings now fast disappearing, where romance of old conjured her dreams, where merry men thronged round tables and kept them in a roar with their wit, yielding in the next age to be the recesses of crime, and degraded in this to be simply the recesses of nastiness and dirt. The author seems to us most at home within the walls; he treads to and fro, with evident interest, the streets of the city proper; but there are some patches of ground that would repay his prying, which he seems not to have explored. Why not travel further east—that much neglected nook, where, amidst its utter wretchedness and destitution, innumerable legends and memories linger and mingle; and then step across the water, and do a little justice to Greenwich, and Deptford, and Rotherhithe? But our old friend will say to us, very likely—"these are not the old city." His book is full of interest, and shall be kept by us, with its companion predecessor, affectionately on our antiquarian shelf.

MANY of our readers will be pleased to receive *The Parables of our Lord*. By Rev. W. Arnot.—(T. Nelson and Sons.)—The previous works of the author are sure to give acceptance to this volume, and the many works upon the same subject have not exhausted the manifold lessons. Mr. Arnot, too, has a directness of purpose, and frequent clearness of illustration, and straightforward transparency of style, making his work very acceptable to young, unformed, and uninformed minds. It will do a work widely different, but not less valuable than the more scholarly and exhaustive work of Archbishop Trench.

THE same useful writer publishes also, *Miracles of Heavenly Love in Daily Life*. By A. L. O. E.—(T. Nelson and Sons.)—It is a sweet little effort to show that our Lord still works wonders in the common events of our lives.

WE regard *St Paul at Athens*. By William Lindsay Alexander, D.D.—(Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.)—as a model of the most thoroughly cultured and efficient presentation of Christian truth to a cultivated audience, with which it has been our pleasure for a long time to meet. Taking the comprehensive statements of St. Paul in the Agora as the text

for a succession of discourses to his people, Dr. Alexander finds from those words an opportunity for discoursing himself upon their relation to the truth of all ages, and to the heresies in human nature, against which, in our own times, they as forcibly protest as they did to the polite assembly to which they were first uttered. We have been captivated by the book. We know nothing of Dr. Alexander's, which has so captivated us. Why can we not have in the pulpit more of this kind? We are by no means desirous that every sermon should be built upon this style of architecture. We need cottages as well as palaces; but if simplest truth be uttered in one part of the day, surely truth from its more cultured aspect may characterize the discourse of the other half. The volume is marked by a rich and ripe scholarship. It betokens the acquaintance, not of a tyro but of a master, with the many coloured speculations of our age, and their relations to language, ethnology, Darwinism, and criticism, and it is as beautiful in the type and texture of its physique as in the method and spirit pursued by its able, learned, and admirable author. We do not quote from the text of the sermons, but the following from an appendix to one of the discourses puts a logical fallacy of Darwinism in a strong light:—

It does not require an intimate acquaintance with science to enable one to estimate the logical worth of the arguments by which scientific men arrive at conclusions on the questions considered in this lecture. If it did, I should hesitate about offering any strictures upon their reasonings. But logic is the same for science as for other departments of inquiry, and a fallacy may be detected in the form of scientific reasoning by one who is obliged to take the materials of the reasoning on trust from the party who reasons. This consideration has been present with me in writing this lecture, and I would now take courage from it to offer a remark on the Development Theory, as it has been called. At the basis of this theory lies a fallacy which necessarily vitiates and nullifies the entire conclusion. Its exponents have confounded progress in a series with growth from a germ; two things as distinct in themselves as number and magnitude. It may seem incredible that men of ability should fall into a paralogism like this; but that they have done so, the following extract from one of the ablest of the advocates of the Development Theory will clearly show. "To suppose," says Mr Darwin, "that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest degree. Yet reason tells us that of numerous gradations from a perfect and complex eye to one very imperfect

and simple, each grade, being useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist." Now the argument here is, that though a perfect eye seems to indicate indubitably that it is the product of a designing mind, this conclusion is invalidated by the fact, that a *gradation* of eyes from the perfect to the imperfect is discoverable. A gradation in what? we ask; a gradation in the eyes of animals of the same species, or in the eyes of animals of different species? a gradation from a perfect human eye to an imperfect one, or from a perfect human eye to the imperfect eye of the lowest of the brute tribes? The latter is obviously that which Mr. Darwin has in view, for the former does not exist. But what has this to do with development or natural selection? Could it be shown that in the human race there is a gradation from a perfect eye to an imperfect, and that races, as they advance in culture, develop gradually the organ more and more perfectly; or could it be shown that a change of this sort has ever happened to the human race, a case of development would then be made out worth looking at. But to argue that the human eye has been gradually developed from that of the fish, because a gradation may be traced through different kinds of animals, from the one to the other, is not less absurd than it would be, where a regular gradation in size may be traced from the eldest child in a family to the youngest, to maintain that, therefore, the former had been developed out of the latter. Absurd also is this talk about perfect eyes and imperfect. The eyes of one animal are as perfect as those of another, *i.e.*, equally fitted for the purposes for which they are designed, and for the place the animal has to occupy. We need not go to the human eye for evidences of design; the eye of an insect, a bird, or a fish, will serve as well. Each is, as an organ, perfect in relation to that for which it exists; and we never find it passing, by a series of changes, into something more perfect.

Mr. Darwin goes on to say, "If, further, the eye does vary ever so slightly, and the variations be inherited, which is certainly the case; and if any variation or modification of the organ be ever useful to an animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect or complex eye could be formed by natural selection, though inseparable to our imagination, can hardly be considered real." To this I cannot reply, for I do not understand it. It may be at once conceded that the eyes of different men vary, and that these varieties may be inherited—that a man with black eyes, or prominent eyes, or whose sight is short, may propagate these peculiarities to his children. This, however, cannot be what Mr. Darwin refers to, for this has nothing to do with his subject. To what variations, then, does he refer. To variations which may occur in the eyes of the same animal in the course of life? But what are they? A man's eyes change, no doubt, as he grows older; the orb becomes less convex, the glance less piercing, the movement less quick; but are such changes propagated to his children, should he beget any in his old age? or in what possible sense can such changes be regarded as ministering to the uses of the man under changing circumstances? I feel myself quite thrown out here. That the author had a meaning which he sought to express by the words I have quoted,

I am bound to believe; but what he meant by them, I confess myself utterly unable to make out.

A MAGNIFICENT volume surely is *The Bible Manual; an Expository and Practical Commentary on the Books of Scripture, Arranged in Chronological Order, forming a Hand-Book of Biblical Elucidation for the use of Families, Schools, and Students of the Word of God; Translated from the German Work, Edited by the late Rev. Dr. T. C. Barth of Calw, Wurtemberg.*—(James Nisbet.)—The best thing we can say is, that it thoroughly answers to and realizes the title-page. It is fitly framed for the family, the school, or the study. Some of its remarks, indeed, may seem to be mere truisms, scarcely adding much information; but all persons who read the Scriptures, either in families or in public, know how often the simplest remark excites the attention, and makes that plain which was before unpalpable. But the volume is far more than this. Light upon every portion of Scripture is conveyed in that simple, easy, and accessible manner, which is especially needed alike for the family altar and the sacred desk. We counsel all churches to purchase this beautifully printed, useful thing, and present it to their minister, and we counsel heads of households to procure it for the family circle, to add to the instructions, and to aid the devotions the sacred volume may impart.

WE are glad to receive a new edition of *A Connection of Sacred and Profane History, from the Death of Joshua to the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah.* (Intended to complete the works of Shuckford and Prideaux). By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. New edition, revised, with Notes and Analyses. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S., Madras Presidency College. 2 vols.—(William Tegg.)—The work, of which this is a new edition, needs no introduction from us. It has been long well and favourably known to the world of books. This edition seems, so far as we have been able to examine, to be edited with every competent ability—giving the scholarship the last colours of the important lights and researches of our own times. It is a valuable, cheap, and very compendious work, in which young students especially may find pressed together the stores and spoils of the wonderful range of classical lore, opening up the vistas, and pouring light upon the histories, mysteries and chronologies of the Bible.

WE have received, and heartily commend to our readers, *The Theological Works of the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A.*

In six volumes. Vol. IV. : Practical Divinity.—(Houlston and Wright.)—We have promised to give, and shall redeem our promise when the series is complete, a comprehensive and extended notice of these able and interesting contributions of our venerable friend to theological science.

A VOLUME singularly rich in thoughtful views on Christian truth, in its relation to the age, is *Christ and Man; or God's Answer to our Chief Questions.* By William Bathgate.—(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—Our previous knowledge of Mr. Bathgate encouraged us to turn with interest to this volume. Our expectations have not been disappointed; it will repay more than a perusal; it is worthy of a close and affectionate study; it is the sort of book we would put into the hands of teachers of our Bible classes for young men. In its pages it turns over and looks steadily upon some of the profoundest questions written on the leaves of the human soul; and not in such a manner as to repel, but to invite and chance the attention of the reader, does the author conduct his companions forward. It is a very helpful book, and has our heartiest and most respectful good word.

A MONUMENT of posthumous affection is *Meditations on Select Passages of Holy Scripture.* By the late Rev. Joseph Thorpe Milner, with brief memorial of the author. By the Rev. George Smith.—(H. J. Tresidder.)—Mr. Milner was an amiable and very acceptable minister of the Methodist denomination. We do not at all wonder that his friends should desire to see these meditations in print. They are characterized by simplicity and repose, and may well lie on the table, near the pillow of the sick-bed, or the invalid, and will convey into the heart of a reader of like precious faith, something of the cordial and illuminating hope and faith which seem to have distinguished their writer.

WE have received also two pleasant volumes of brief tales, well fitted for the Sunday-School and village library. *Shadows and Sunshine, and other Tales.* By the author of *Helen Dundas, or the Pastor's Wife.*—(J. F. Shaw & Co.)—and *Stories for Boys.* By J. Hope Moncrieff.—(J. F. Shaw & Co.)

The Congregational Topic.

VIII.

"BESIDE" HIMSELF "FOR GOD."*

WE call the attention of our readers to our notice of this volume in our Congregational Topic, because we regard the book as furnishing one of the most remarkable pieces of Christian individuality we have for a long time seen, and as furnishing also an illustration of that simple exercise of faithful power by a character whose chief strength and charm was in its fervid and sensitive conscientiousness—an illustration of the one thing chiefly lacking among us in the midst of all our vast arrangements for the salvation of souls, and the penetrating of minds by the force of truth. We had not proceeded far with the volume before we exclaimed within ourselves, "Here, then, without doubt, is a man who believed what he said, and lived perpetually in the light and activity of his own faith." That Mr. Vine Hall was the author of *The Sinner's Friend*, and the father of the well known and active editor of this autobiography, is a fact, we suppose, pretty generally known by our readers. But this volume must be read that they

may at all appreciate the divine yet thoughtful and balanced insanity of the simple, saintly believer. We have not for a long time met with a life more truly realizing the text which furnishes the title of this paper—"Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God." We confess we have sometimes wondered at the marvellous, the miraculous usefulness, of the little trifling tract, *The Sinner's Friend*,—but this volume explains it. It is the record of a daily chronicle through a long period of years, commencing from 1810 to 1860. *The Sinner's Friend* had its first edition of one thousand copies in 1821: from that time this little book was prayed over, watched that every unnecessary word might be excised, and every means adopted to make it more striking, arresting, and simple; it was scattered about everywhere, in areas, streets, and fields. Its author, a quiet, still-living, humble, quiet, unpretentious man, believed in his own little work, as much as ever any artist believed in his ideal, and more; for it was his faith,

* *The Author of "The Sinner's Friend." An Autobiography.* Edited by Newman Hall, LL.B. Nisbet and Co.

that he had known, and found, and proved the sinner's Friend. He rarely went into any company, but in his quiet way, with an unostentatiousness which disarmed all criticism and unkind remark, he gave away some copies—gain, we are truly glad to perceive, seems never to have entered into his thought in the matter. At first, he was desirous not to lose, but as the work grew in usefulness, while, of course, multitudes were sold, larger numbers were given away—given away by hundreds and thousands; it was translated by our missionaries into all languages, and few days passed by without the author receiving some acknowledgments of its blessings and usefulness. In a word, Mr. Vine Hall was that rare creature in the Church—a holy character. Ourselves and our readers, we doubt not, are acquainted with many holy people, as characterless as a sponge or a jellyfish, and a good many members of churches who have plenty of the leaven of an old character in them without any holiness. The author of *The Sinner's Friend* had that pertinaciousness of character, which, no doubt, was first in the natural build of the man, but which, when glorified by the conquests obtained in him, and over him by the Spirit of God, and a fervent, yet quiet faith, became powerful indeed. We suppose there can be no great nor extensive usefulness without this strong com-

bination. As Christians, we are most of us weak, very few of us more than half believe in our own faith; nay, the character is perhaps a high mark amongst us, which reaches to the height of half. That an entrance into society should leave the impression of a character behind it, would be, by most, thought very undesirable. We enter society to fit ourselves into its grooves, not to imprint ourselves upon it; to do so would be rude, unpleasant, uncomfortable. This being so, it must not be wondered at that what we profess makes little impression. Society is wise in its instinct, and its eyesight—it sees what we are. There was in Mr. Hall what we have called a divine insanity; but he was too much a believer—his mind was held in too even, and happy, and holy a balance, for him to be loud or rude, pushing or turbulent in his profession: only there was his little book, if he gave it to you, be sure it was sent home with a prayer; for prayer he was at all times ready, and Prayer, the Bible, and *The Sinner's Friend* seem to have made up the man. We are persuaded that we are right in hailing attention to this record. A great many things are very well, and very desirable; but something looks out from the pages of this book pre-eminently desirable. We are especially glad to see the wholeness of it, and that neither its subject nor its editor have shrunk from the publication of the

first circumstances in a life so signally useful, but whose early manhood commenced in the mesh not only of the fearful, but of what seemed likely to prove perfectly over-mastering temptation and sin, resulting in glorious and entire victory. It is often our sad hap to disagree with the verdicts of our contemporary, *The Patriot*. Literary opinions are free, and editors and reviewers have a right and a duty to exercise in the expressing faithfully their own opinions and perceptions; but there is something so fearfully and disastrously dishonouring to truth in the course indicated by *The Patriot*, that we must break through literary etiquette and remark upon it. If biography be not a faithful transcript of the sins, as well as the heroisms of the temptations, as well as the triumphs of its subject, biography had better not be written at all. When Mr. Hall was a young man, he was a victim to fearful intemperance. Throughout the whole period of his sin, conscience seems never to have been blunted or deadened. For many years a severe conflict was waged between conscience and character, habitual temptation and sin. He strove, and resolved, and prayed, and repeatedly failed. But he was over forty years of age before the victory was achieved. He achieved the victory through prayer and fasting. At that period of his life, he became sensible that the spiritual means to be adopted

were prayer and faith in the Saviour, the more temporal, entire, and total abstinence from the tempter—and he overcame. Will our readers believe it that *The Patriot* would have omitted this mournful and yet triumphant record! That the reviewer supposes that readers will impute to the editor a want of correct taste, and accuse him of a fanatical devotion to a particular crotchet, “that even filial reverence has not been able to restrain him from the publication of facts which, however they may sustain his views, ought to have been consigned to oblivion”! The reviewer, indeed, gently admits that such opinions would be very unjust, that Mr. Newman Hall had no option left him, that his father left it incumbent upon him, if publishing his story at all, then, to publish the earlier part of it; but it insinuates that there should have been a softening down of the essential facts—that the dream of the snake cannot answer any good purpose; while yet it is manifest from the biography, that its effect upon the mind of Mr. Hall was signal and remarkable. It is not for us to find fault with the reviewer in his expression, that Mr. Newman Hall should have put the editing of the volume into other hands, as he is incapable of forming a fair estimate of his father’s worth. All this is simple matter of reviewers’ opinion, but against this manufacturing of biography upon dishonest principles, we enter

a decided protest. We may be certain that had the reviewer possessed a control over the writing of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, he would have omitted all reference to the oaths of Peter, and the unbelief of Thomas, and the persecutions of the young man named Saul; although possibly there might have been found some favourable notice of the intolerance of John. Biography, and religious biography especially, has too often been written on the principle of blinking at the sins and magnifying the pieties of its subjects. To us the thought while we read the earlier part of this volume was inexpressibly comforting—it seemed most appropriate that such a tempest-beaten, sin-tried soul, should be the author of "The Sinner's Friend," he was able to say with an accent of peculiar pathos, "This man receiveth sinners also."

While we refer to the days of conflict and victory, and express our feeling that the auto-biography of the present volume would be as ungratefully incomplete as would the story of David's conquests without the record of the occasion, which, most probably, produced the fifty-first Psalm—it is not necessary that we should here dwell upon those sorrowful years when the yet unsanctified heart often lay prostrate beneath the spell and fury of temptation and passion. The account of the strange apparitions and dreams, to which he was

subject, is, indeed, sufficiently harrowing; but it would be a strange way of writing a life to omit such particulars as the following, as not likely to answer any good purpose. The prejudice against "a fanatical crotchet" as the devotion to entire and total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, the human means he saw as necessary to his salvation, is called, reaches a strange height, when it prescribes such an omission.

At many other times strange figures appeared before me, accusing me of all my former sinful practices, which were as plainly brought before my recollection as if they had but recently taken place. Sometimes flashes of lightning appeared to pass before me, and when I inquired of these figures what such appearances signified, they would seem to answer that they came from hell, and that they were commissioned to drag me there. All these things appeared real to my poor agitated mind, and almost drove one distracted. One Sunday morning, whilst the people were passing to church, I jumped out of bed to follow a spirit with which I had actually been conversing; the supposed phantom leading me down stairs to the door, which I opened to admit of its departure. At this time I was perfectly free from intoxication, but my nerves were all deranged in consequence of a very late fit of intemperance.

Appearances of the strangest kind were continually presented, not only to my mind but to my eyesight, and from this circumstance I can account for the tales of apparitions which have seemed to appear to persons labouring under nervous irritation. But still these things appeared to be real, and were frightfully distressing. At

other times I have been tempted to destroy myself, that the world might be ridded of such a monster; but now here I am, with my life redeemed from destruction, my health renewed like the eagle's; my soul and body devoted to God, to the honour and praise of his almighty power; and for this reason—because "his mercy endureth for ever."

My desire of drinking to excess came on periodically, about once in six weeks, and in the intermediate time I refrained from drinking any strong liquor. But this was a most extraordinary circumstance, that I received a kind of warning previous to the commencement of these unhappy fits. These warnings were given when I was perfectly sober, and when I had been so for several weeks in succession. In my dreams I was fiercely attacked by a large snake, which flew at and bit my legs. This passed off without my thinking much about it; but the next time that I fell under my cruel propensity I recollected (upon recovery) that I had again seen and been bitten by the snake! I did not mention the circumstance, because I considered it rather ridiculous, but I determined to watch such appearances for the future. In about seven or eight weeks I dreamed again of the snake, and I determined to watch—but all to no purpose, for I fell under the dreadful evil. I now thought I would mention this extraordinary circumstance to my dear wife, that we might unitedly watch should any such warning be repeated. Again the snake appeared, and all the dreadful consequences ensued, although I had been perfectly sober for several weeks. As the snake was more or less furious in its attacks, so was I more or less violently overcome by intoxication. I had frequently mentioned these circumstances to my dear wife long before the effects followed, that it might not appear an invention of my own; and although I strove

hard for victory, yet I was always conquered. I never once dreamed of the snake but intoxication followed within a week. At length it pleased God to fight my battles, and I then began to have the victory.

I had never received this warning till after the 14th of March, 1812, (on which day I became deeply convinced of my sins,) and the same warning was continued, at various times, till the 10th of September, 1816, which was the last attack, as to drinking wine or spirits, both of which I was enabled to give up on the 22nd of the same month. I continued to drink porter till the 19th of July, 1818, on which day I gave up that also, it having proved too powerful for me. But before I fell into this last snare, I was again forewarned by the snake, which attacked me this time in a very feeble manner, and the effect of this encounter continued only two days. The last time that I saw the snake was a few days previous to the 19th of November, 1818, on which occasion the reptile which had caused me so much terror arose with two heads slowly and feebly from the ground, and appeared in a dying state. It tried to rear both its heads, but they fell downward to the earth, and the animal appeared to sink into the ground completely exhausted! I ran to the place where it had disappeared, and (in my dream) stamped upon the hole into which my foe had slunk, and, blessed be God, I have never seen it since. On this occasion I was for one day only overcome by my own table beer, which I immediately gave up, and commenced drinking milk and water; and through the mercy of God have continued to do so to the present period, October 6, 1820.

All I can say about the foregoing account of the snake is, that it is truth.

He was plucked as a brand from the burning. It was no half and

half salvation. In sin, his prostration had been entire; in conversion, his life turned into a calm, mellowed, but intense enthusiasm. He believed in the Sinner's Friend. We have no doubt that in a very eminent manner he realized in himself, as few realize, those strong utterances of the Apostle, on which the grandeur and power of his personal testimony so much revolve, "I obtained mercy;" "To me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given;" "This is a faithful saying, Christ Jesus came to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Why, to omit these first particulars of his life would be to leave out the secret of it—the secret of all his enthusiasm. His whole diary, every page of it reads like the history of another intensely penitent one, pouring the ointment and the tears on the Sinner's Friend, and "loving much" because hearing him say, "Go thy way, for thy sins are forgiven thee." He never forgot the depths to which he had sunk; never lost his humility; it was never, either, a spurious humility. How strikingly reads the following:—

What a wonderful thing is changing grace! "All things new." The air we breathe, the bread we eat, the water we drink, and every comfort around us, all, all have a different aspect, a different relish to what they had before. Ah, we never truly live until we live to God. The change is truly as great as from darkness into light—hell into heaven. "But," says the sceptic, "where is the proof?" To such

an one I would say, "Look at yonder wretched object, prostrate on the ground, covered with filth, frightful to behold, his eyes glaring, and cheeks bloated with intoxication. Hear those dreadful oaths and curses at every word belching from his stammering lips. Look at the wretch—lost!—a very beast. Appalling sight! Turn from the loathsome object, and enter yon temple of the Lord, and there behold the striking contrast. An aged pilgrim presiding at a prayer-meeting, giving out the hymns with a pathos and solemnity that bespeak a heart full of adoration, thanksgiving, and love to the Redeemer. Listen to the glowing effusion of his soul in prayer—all on fire for God—confessing the enormity of his past sins, yet humbly exulting and glorying in the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit to prepare his heart for the reception of the ever blessed Son of God, that He may there ever live and reign, a million, million times welcome guest—the joy of his soul, the daily increasing delight of his life. But who is this aged pilgrim, with silvered hair, so full of heavenly fire? Who is he? Listen, O earth, and you ye angels of God, who rejoice over a penitent sinner turned from the error of his ways! Listen ye angels, listen! Who is he? Why, the aged silver-haired pilgrim is no other than the once poor blaspheming rebel whom you saw prostrate on the ground, in all the horrors of intoxication, covered with filth! Yes, praise to the tender mercy of God, this is the very wretch whom Jesus saw weltering in his blood, bade him live as the lost whom He came to save, and then put on him a new robe, and made him the author of "The Sinner's Friend." Is anything too hard for the Lord? This is the proof of the power of changing grace. Merciful God! O God of wonders! Well may this poor man sing—

“Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I’ll raise,
But oh ! eternity’s too short
To utter all Thy praise.”

Is it any wonder then that when I speak of Christ I am all in a blaze ? Why the very stones would rise up against me were I to be silent one single moment. The Lord Jesus is always in my thoughts, my heart, my tongue, and I can no more help or cease speaking of Him than I can live without breathing.

In days when his little tract became the fountain of singular usefulness, we find upon the same page, mingled together, accounts of its translation into foreign tongues ; his dedication of it again, in a new language, to the Lord, and immediately followed by reflections on some unhappy creature, lost and dying in intemperance and in sin—the gratitude for the usefulness of the tract, and for his own personal salvation, flaming up unitedly into one cloud and incense of praise. It appears the great change took place about the year 1820 ; it is in the year 1847 we read such entries as the following in the diary—they are a sample of the book :—

SEPTEMBER 7.—This day I most unexpectedly received a copy of “The Sinner’s Friend” in the Dutch language. On my knees I presented the copy before the Lord. I was quite overwhelmed by such an unexpected favour, as I had not known of “The Sinner’s Friend” having been translated into the Dutch language.

OCTOBER 21.—This morning I received from St. Petersburg copies of two editions of “The Sinner’s Friend,” in two different languages

spoken in the Russian empire. I was quite overwhelmed with gratitude that it has pleased God in infinite mercy to clear the way for the circulation of “The Sinner’s Friend” in Russia. I immediately on my knees presented the copies to the Lord, earnestly praying that his blessing may accompany every copy circulated in Russia.

A Glasgow paper says : “On Wednesday morning, when the colliers proceeded to their work in a pit in the immediate precincts of Airdrie, they found lying at the bottom the mangled bodies of three young men. The deceased were tradesmen belonging to Calder Bank, and had been drinking deep in Airdrie on the preceding night. There is little reason to doubt that they had wandered and stumbled down the pit by accident.” Why not the fate of J. V. Hall ? He wandered amongst the coal-pits in a state of blind intoxication, on a dark night (March 12, 1811), but was preserved by Almighty love, and spared to be the author and compiler of “The Sinner’s Friend.”

Very strange to sense seems the way in which he went on, scattering *The Sinner’s Friend* about. He went out on Saturday evenings to distribute it to poor country people returning from market ; he offered his prayer, went into the streets, and dropped it in the path along which labouring men were coming ; he seems seldom to have entered an omnibus, or to have walked anywhere, but forth came one or two. Sometimes the little thing was received in silence ; sometimes with thanks ; sometimes sullenly refused ; sometimes furnishing an introduction to a pleasant little conversation. There was such a fountain

of warmth in the man too; it never seemed to boil, but it was always glowing. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the beautiful and blessed John Bird Sumner, in one of their conversations, said to him, "You are very warm-hearted, Mr. Hall;" and he replied, "Yes, my Lord, it is because Jesus Christ ever occupies my heart, and this it is which keeps me in a glow when speaking of Him." He meets with a hearty old woman walking gaily along, full of life and spirit—"How old are you, my good woman?" She replied, "In my ninetieth year, sir, praised be the Lord." "Praised be the Lord, indeed!" said he. She was very thankful for the *The Sinner's Friend*. Mr. Hall's conversations put us in mind of the meeting of the members of the Greek church on Easter morning, when one says, "Christ is risen!" and the response immediately is, "Christ is risen, indeed!" It might truly be said of him, "Give him an inch" to talk about Christ, and he would be sure to make the inch "an ell." We began, in a pleasant humour, to count the number of times when he gives to us the record of singing—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
but we gave it up; it rounded everything in the life of the cheerful old man. Sometimes he met with poor beggars and cripples, aged, and infirm people; he

helped these, and preached his tract at the same time by giving them ten, or twenty, or thirty, that they might be sold at three-pence each. In this manner, after visiting and talking with the illustrious, William Wilberforce, and giving him, of course, *The Sinner's Friend*, we read he gives:

Thirteen to a poor man, James Perry, from Chatham, to sell for his own benefit. This poor but very decent man had walked from Chatham this morning to sell matches. There was something so exceedingly prepossessing in his appearance that I was constrained to speak to him of Christ, and to my great delight, I found him to be one born of the Holy Spirit. He had seen better days. Gave him money and food. He had prayed the Lord to direct his course to some Christian friend who might relieve his wants.

Waggoners, and waggoners' mates along the road; sailors loitering on the pier; constables loitering about court-houses at assizes: so various and incessant were the means he used; into one house—a baker's shop—he calls to get change; to the woman he says—"I am an agriculturist. I've got some seed I want to sow. Will you let me sow it in your garden?" And forth comes *The Sinner's Friend*. He sees a poor dying man, crawling along the street in a decline—sends a boy to run after him with a copy of *The Sinner's Friend*. In some days, the poor dying creature calls to tell how it has comforted him.

From small to large; he writes to the Frankfort Tract Society

asking them to adopt *The Sinner's Friend*, and he will give a thousand copies, and the stereotyped plates. As usual, he did this on his knees, praying over the book, and thus sacramentally offering it to God. Thus, also, when the great missionary, John Williams, returned to the South Seas, he carried with him twenty thousand copies, given to him by Mr. Hall with the stereotyped plates, in the Tahitian language. Instances of usefulness, of course, began first gradually to emerge, till at last the seeds of *The Sinner's Friend* grew up to be in the fruits they bore as the stars of heaven, and the sands on the sea shore, innumerable. Sometimes he would give a copy to a fellow passenger, and the person not knowing he was speaking to the author, would tell how the little book had been the means of his own conversion—as in such an instance as the following—

On presenting to a fellow-passenger a copy of “*The Sinner's Friend*,” he clasped my arm and told me that he had something very particular to tell me about it. It had been put into his hands when he was in a sad state of sin; he took it into his garden and read it, which, [through the grace of God, brought him to cry out for mercy as a poor sinner; he wept in agony, and had now been many years enjoying the service of the Lord. God be praised.

On the continent the book became so well known, even among Papists, that Rome issued a special papal

edict against it, pointing it out as containing certain errors, subversive of the Catholic faith, and “very dangerous,” says the edict, “because written with art and talent characteristic of the author.” On the contrary, many Romanists received it with wonder, amazed to find in a book distributed by Protestants, a fervour, and affection, and faith, as intense as anything they had every known in the devotions of their own church to the Saviour, while it permitted no mediator to stand between the sinner and his Saviour. The following history of the conversion of the chamberlain to Pope Gregory XVI. through it, is a most interesting statement. It is an extract from a letter to the venerable author when in his eighty-first year:—

“The Rev. Dr. B., formerly chamberlain to pope Gregory XVI., stated at a meeting held in Rugby a few particulars connected with his conversion. He had been brought up in Malta, and said that few had an idea of the thralldom in which the mind is held in Popish countries. Everything proceeding from a Protestant pen is considered heresy. One day passing through the sick ward of the hospital a dying soldier made a sign to him. He approached his bed supposing he wished to confess to him, but it was only to request he would send to him the Protestant chaplain. He observed at the time a small book clasped in the poor man's hand. He hesitated, doubting whether he was justified in complying with his wish, but he said there was something in a dying man's request he could not resist. Accordingly he

sent the Protestant chaplain to him. A few days after, the surgeon of the regiment put into his hand a small parcel, saying, the soldier, who felt grateful to him for complying with his desire, immediately before his death, had begged it should be conveyed to him, with the entreaty that if ever he was in circumstances of affliction he would read it. On opening the parcel he found it was the little book which he had seen in the dying soldier's hand—it was *The Sinner's Friend*. However, he laid it aside, thinking it would be wrong to look at it. Some time after, from some peculiar circumstance, he was in a state of great mental anxiety and affliction; then the soldier's little book occurred to his mind. He read it, with astonishment that a Protestant could write in such a manner. It spoke to his heart and was blest of the Lord to impart the first dawn of light that broke on his mind. He had a very dear friend, for whose benefit he sat down and translated *The Sinner's Friend*, and when it was finished took it to him. He read it and seemed pleased; but when he heard it had been given him by a Protestant, he caught hold of his arm, exclaiming with horror—"Let us fall down on our knees and pray to the mother of God to preserve us from heresy." Dr. B. did not mention how long this circumstance occurred previous to his being emancipated from Popery, but it seemed in the Lord's hand to be the first impression which was made on his mind; afterwards very gradually deepened by other events."

The mention of dying sufferers reminds us how various were the deaths receiving a little light, some encompassing rays of light, from the tract. The author sought an entrance for it especially into prisons, and more especially into

condemned cells; prisoners lying under sentence of death found themselves visited by the book if not by the author of it. This was not always his own immediate action. The chaplain of the jail of Newcastle writes, that when Mark Sherwood was condemned for the murder of his wife, *The Sinner's Friend* was put into his hand; he read it over and over again: the chaplain believes his heart was savingly changed; he went to the drop with *The Sinner's Friend* in his hand, he died with it in his hand, it was taken from his death-grasp when his body was removed from the scaffold. "All praises to the Lord! Amen!" exclaims the old man, as he extracts the paragraph from the chaplain's letter into his diary. It was about the same period he received the intelligence that a copy of *The Sinner's Friend* was lying under the pillow of the Queen Dowager, Adelaide, when she died. She had distributed great numbers of it during her life; it had been introduced to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and she received its comfortable sweetness in her hours of death. Among death-beds comforted, here is another:—

Letter from Mrs. J., Ireland;—

"A lady gave a copy of *The Sinner's Friend* to a poor young woman, a Romanist, who was dangerously ill in the workhouse. She died, and after her death her mother returned *The Sinner's Friend* to the lady, with a message from

her daughter that the reading the little book had made her feel herself to be a great sinner, but that it had also made her happy in Christ Jesus. The persons around her dying bed wished her to have a priest, but she refused. She had found the Saviour. They said she was mad."

From the highest to the lowest ranks, from the lowest to the highest: he sent two copies to the Queen and Prince Albert; it would seem from the reply that it was not unknown nor unappreciated in the highest circles of the land. The Secretary of the Privy Purse wrote the following more than gracious and gratifying reply.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

"January 16, 1849.

"Sir,—I am directed to express to you the Queen's and the Prince's thanks for the copies of your tract, which Her Majesty and His Royal Highness have most graciously received. You must allow me, sir, to bear my humble testimony to the practical usefulness of your little work, several cases of which have come under my own personal observation. There is no tract which I have more pleasure in distributing than that whose title and text refer to 'The Sinner's Friend.'—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant," &c.

Our notice of this book has been more lengthy than we had intended, perhaps, arising from the strange notice of it to which we have already referred, by our kindred cotemporary. In connection with such a book, even amusement reaches a kind of climax, when we are told that it is "unattractive, as there is neither

variety of incident, nor much that is strikingly characteristic and instructive in the records of the inner life." To us, on the contrary, the volume seems to overflow with beautiful and pleasant incidents, illustrative of the life-work of this earnest and apostolic man. We like his humanity—he had, of course, a benevolent, loving heart. We like his interviews with beggars and blind people, as when we read:—

Saw the poor negro sweeping the footpath near the Model Prison. Gave him a shilling for Jesus' sake. The poor man looked on the money with a smile and said—"Ah! my Massa sent me dis."

Or again:—

To a poor man almost blind I said, "Your eyes will be opened in another world." "Thank the Lord," said the poor fellow, "I can see more now than I could before I was blind." The poor man said he had known me when I was blind, and he appeared glad to find that my eyes had also been opened.

He often, evidently, thus found the reward of an act of kindness in the streets, in the response of some warm, gracious, and comfortable word. Many circumstances of his life reveal the pertinacity and force of his character—no circumstance more than the story of George Dunk, the forger, whom he was instrumental in saving from execution. This was in the year 1818, and it illustrates the strange state of the English law, that at time thirty-three prisoners were sentenced to death at one Maid-

stone assize; they were all reprieved, however, excepting Dunk—forgery was the unpardonable sin. Mr. Hall determined to use every means for salvation. He says, “I felt a kind of supernatural agency pervading my whole soul.” He saw the judge, Baron Wood, but without success. The warrant for execution arrived; he saw the Governor of the Bank of England, representing the prosecution, and did not receive much encouragement. He went to the Mansion House, to the Lord Mayor, and almost compelled him to his carriage to go with him to introduce him to Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary of State, with whom the recommendation to mercy rested. From him he received compliments and congratulations upon his activity and benevolence, leaving him only desponding and hopeless. It was not till he reached home the next day, when he seemed to have thrown all his efforts to the winds, that the Governor of the Jail met him, and told him that he had saved the life of the forger, that the reprieve had already arrived. He says:—

The next day I received the following letter from the poor grateful prisoner, whom I had never seen but once:—

“Maidstone Gaol, April 24th, 1818.

“DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

“It is to you that I owe my life, and I trust that I shall never forget to pray for you. I was once before seeking the kingdom of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ,

but by the craftiness of the devil I was easily led away into the path which leads to destruction, and which has brought me within these dungeon walls. But thanks be to God he has stopped me in my mad career, and He heard my prayers even from the depths of a dungeon, and stood with open arms to receive me, and I hope and trust that He will give me grace to continue humble and penitent, both now and evermore. Amen. This is the sincere prayer of a poor penitent sinner, just reprieved from a dungeon where he has been confined thirty-one days under sentence of death.

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Soon after receiving this letter I went to the prison, and the gaoler brought the poor man into my presence. He was all agitation. He looked at me with a sort of frenzied delight—grasped my hand—brushed down the tears from his eyes—stamped on the ground—looked at me again—and at length, in broken half-stifled accents exclaimed, “My deliverer! my life! my life!—I owe my life to you.” I told him not to thank me, but to thank that gracious God who had wrought out so remarkable a deliverance, and who had mercifully employed myself as his instrument. I felt very queer, and after giving him the best advice in my power, returned home, praising and thanking my Almighty Friend for his goodness and tender mercy. And I never saw the poor man again—I did not like to be praised.

It was surely an interesting and eventful life. From its immediately human side we see a manly and courageous character, not at all to be moved from its steadfastness. Once he pinioned a highwayman, single handed, and retained him in his grasp till assistance came; on another occasion, ever ready to help the weak against the strong, hearing a wo-

man shriek, in the market-place in Maidstone, beneath the blows and ill usage of her husband, he rushed forward and, with one blow, knocked the fellow down; but he received, as his reward, such a fracture on his forehead, from the woman's patten, that he retained the mark till the day of his death. Hence, ever afterwards, when disposed benevolently to interfere in quarrels, he said, "Remember the patten!" In his younger days he was an admirable fencer, for, a century ago, country gentlemen supposed it necessary to keep up that accomplishment; and he was a Tory of the old school of politics, and the proprietor of the chief conservative organ of the county of Kent, although, when his life settled down into its holy stillness, he attended, and became a deacon of the Independent Chapel at Maidstone; but he always continued true to Toryism—the singular contradictoryness of the man: and his affectionate editor holds, as one of his first recollections, the memory of his father refusing to comply with popular opinion in an illumination. The mob kindled a huge bonfire in front of his house, and hurled at it scores of burning firebrands, five of which entered the window of the sitting-room. "There stood my father, calmly picking them up and throwing them out again." We recur to these things because they illustrate a strong human character. He was great in the history of his

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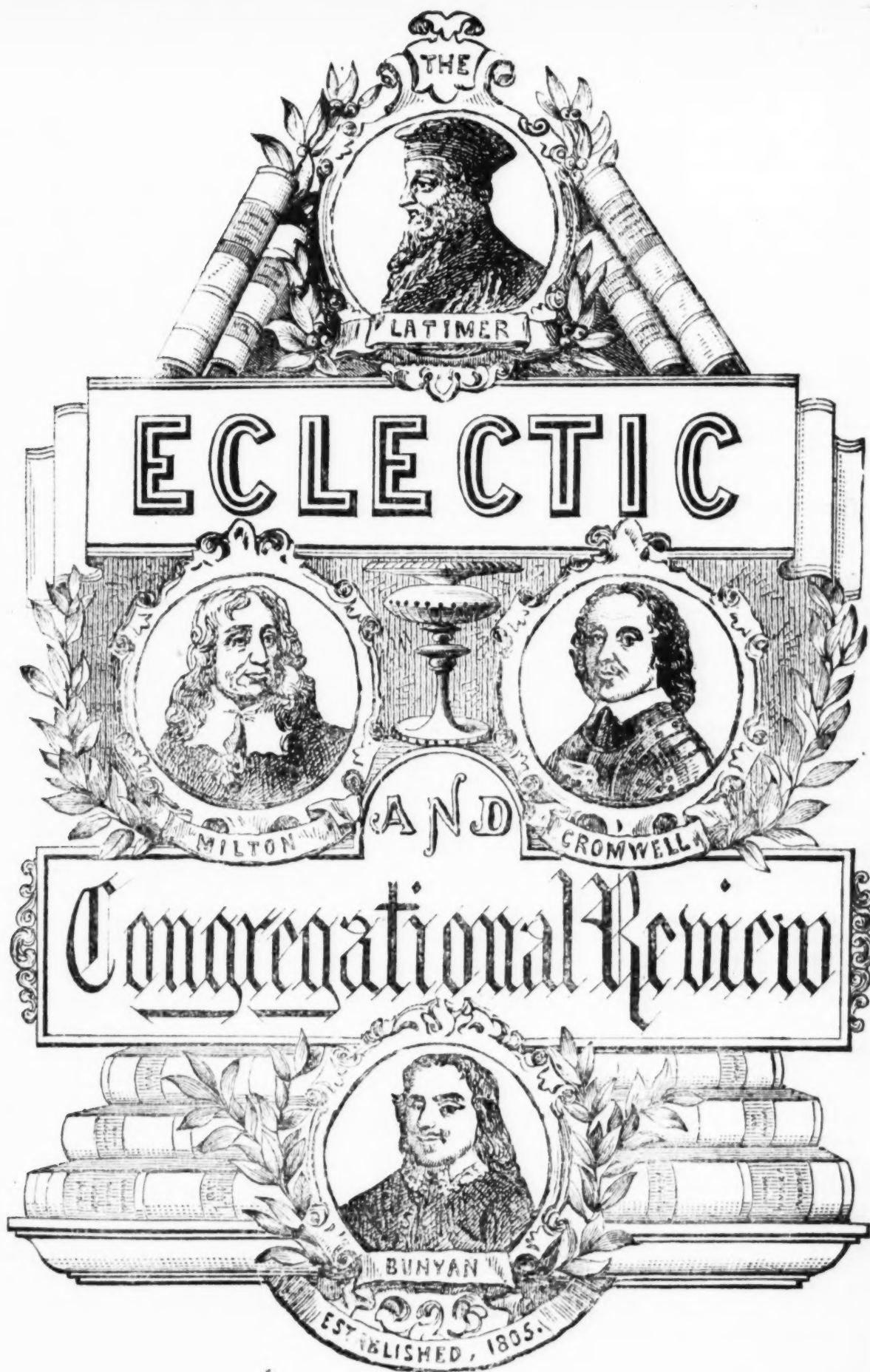
THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

OLD ABERNETHY.*

SOME of our readers will be surprised alike at the topic and the title of our biographic paper, first, because it may be supposed that the readers of the *Eclectic* have not much interest in professional medical biographies, and, again, both as the subject of the present article has long since left the scene of his action and eccentricity, and has not popularly been regarded as a person of eminently inimitable qualities of character; but we have been moved to the devotion of these few pages by a sense of penitence for our own injustice. It may seem a somewhat scandalous thing to many of our readers more omniverous in the feast of books than ourselves, but we will confess that only within the last few weeks Mr. Macilwain's memoir of his old friend has fallen in our way. For the book itself, it is one of the most interesting of biographies, the production of a man intermeddling evidently with many kinds of knowledge in which medical men are not usually supposed to be interested. It is written, too, in a generous spirit towards other younger, and not so popular, systems of medicine; but the work itself may be used with advantage by all thoughtful minds. There is, no doubt, frequently too much diffuseness. Mr. Macilwain always writes very sensibly, but we feel that, in such a biography, some of his own reflections might have been omitted, or, certainly, greatly condensed. After all, however, the uppermost feeling in our minds is a sense of thankfulness to him for enabling us to do justice to a misrepresented man. "Ah!" perhaps some reader will say, "of course, that is the trick of the biographer: in the hands of the biographer all characters become elevated, and noble, and ra-

* *Memoirs of John Abernethy.* By George Macilwain, F.R.C.S. Third Edition. Hatchard & Co. 1856.





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